MAY 1988

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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Vanity
SHE'S SET TO ROCK THE WORLD

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
NORMIE ROWE

WHY I KILLED: AUSSIE MURDERER CONFESSES

HARRISON FORD ON SEX AND BULLWHIPS

KIM BASINGER'S FILM DOUBLE GOES SOLO

THE GOLDEN AEROPLANE SCAM EXPOSED

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Playbill

Here's a different way to save on winter heating bills. Settle down in your favorite chair and read this issue of *Australian Playboy*. Pretty soon you'll feel warm all over because our articles and pictorials are guaranteed to give off more heat than a tonne of burning mallee roots.

For starters there's this month's hotter-than-hot pictorials, kicking off with rock singer Prince's former girlfriend Vanity, who's about to star in a new movie. Vanity's a big girl now and boy, does this pictorial, photographed by **Phillip Dixon**, prove it! Next girl off the rank is Eloise Broady, and you may well say Eloise who? But you've probably seen more of Eloise than you've bargained for, because she's appeared in movies as Kim Basinger's double. Now she's about to go solo and this pictorial proves she's got a lot to offer.

Now, moving on to this month's articles, you've got many a winter's night of reading ahead of you. There's our exclusive first-hand account by Australian mass murderer **Archie McCafferty** of why he killed three strangers in cold blood. This is one of the most compelling articles you'll ever encounter and is a result of collaboration between McCafferty (once known as Australia's Charles Manson) and Channel 9's top crime reporter **Steve Barrett**. Photographer **Rob Walls** snapped the portrait of McCafferty in prison.

The Golden Aeroplane pyramid sales scam hit the headlines not that long ago when thousands of people blew their bank balances and the police stepped in. Now we have an inside story on the scam. Writer **Arthur Povera** was sucked into the pyramid and he kept a diary of the financially draining drama. His amazing account makes first-class reading. Artwork is by **Nigel Buchanan**.

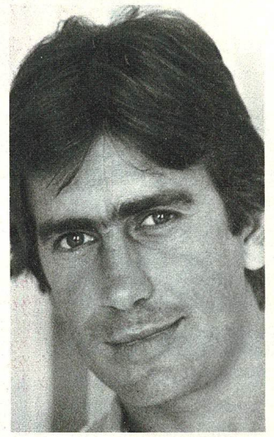
Everybody loves a survivor, and singer/actor Normie Rowe has certainly survived. Rowe, one of our most lovable showbiz personalities, has been through it all, the highs, the lows, the tragedies. In an exceedingly frank Playboy Interview with senior contributing editor **Phil Jarratt** he discusses popstardom, Vietnam and acting. Actor Harrison Ford has of course transcended survival and become one of Hollywood's all-time winners. Writer **Bill Zehme** sat him down and hit him with 20 questions covering such topics as bull-whips and Indiana Jones's sex life. The photograph is by **Mark Hanauer**, with hand coloring by **Mac James**.

Another showbiz maker and shaker is comedian John Cleese. Who can ever forget his antics in *Monty Python's Flying Circus* or his brilliant Basil Fawlty in *Fawlty Towers*? But now the former Minister For Silly Walks has become the patron saint of salesmen, starring in a series of motivational videos for businessmen. Writers **Arturo** and **Maureen Gonzalez** examine the life of Cleese and delve into this new twist in his career.

In keeping with our tradition of publishing only the best fiction, this month we present *Playing With Fire*, by new writer **Gail Neville**. The story is set in a sideshow alley and Gail's description of carnival life is the real thing. Before becoming a writer, she starred in carnivals as Jojo the Roller Balancer. Her last showbiz work was with Bullen's Animal World, and the Tex Morton Queensland Tour. The astounding art work is by **Maree Woolley**.

So that should be enough to make you come in out of the cold and read this month's *Australian Playboy*. And of course there's also our regular features: On The Scene reports on rock band Crowded House winning the latest US polls; fashion editor **Vitek** shows you how to win by suiting yourself elegantly; motoring editor **Rob Luck** previews the Alfa 33Ti; Women columnist **Cynthia Heimel** reveals why she hates Marilyn Monroe; and Money columnist **Seth Gregory** looks at the pros and cons of interest-only mortgages.

Don't muck around. Bed down now with the May issue of *Australian Playboy*. It will get your blood circulating — and that's a promise.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LUCK

NEVILLE

BUCHANAN

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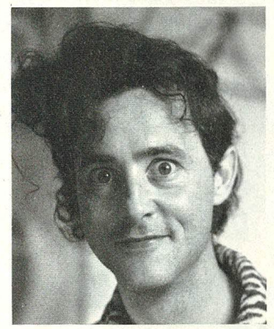
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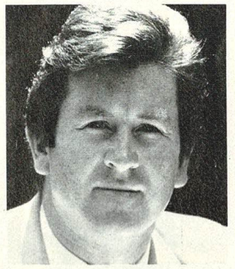
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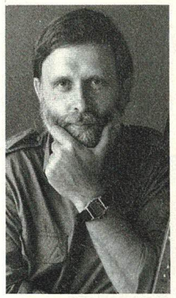
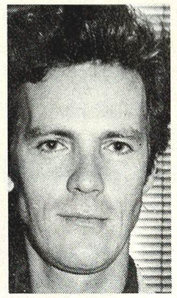

WALLS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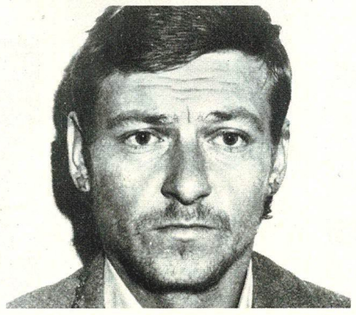
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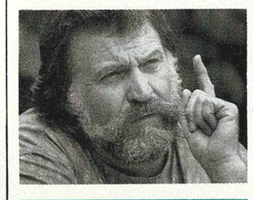
CONTENTS

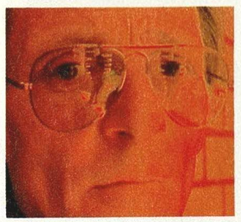
May 1988. Cover Vanity Photographed by Phillip Dixon

DEAR PLAYBOY 9
AFTER HOURS 11
SEX 14
MONEY 18
WOMEN 20
MEN 22
SPORT 24
SHOWBIZ 26

29
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: NORMIE ROWE
Aussie rock's great survivor on Vietnam, carnal knowledge, *Les Miz* and the Welcome Home March.

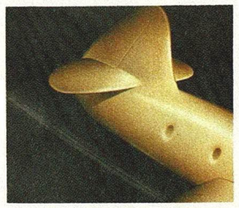


34
A TIME TO KILL. . .
"Australia's Charles Manson" gives a grim account of why he embarked on a rampage of murder.

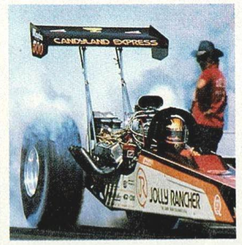


38
VANITY
Prince's sultry ex-girlfriend is set to rock the world of movies.

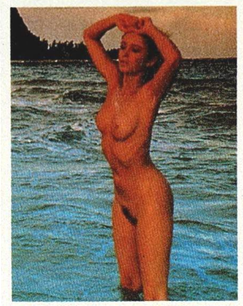
50
THE CRASH OF THE GOLDEN AEROPLANE
An insider's diary of the pyramid sales scam of the decade.



54
MAD, BAD SPEED
Craig Vetter finds driving a dragster is like having your bum strapped to an A-bomb.



56
JOHN CLEESE
How the Minister For Silly Walks became the patron saint of salesmen.

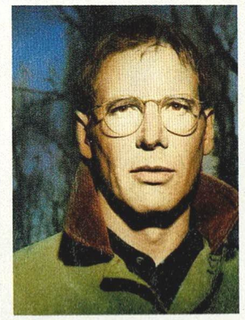
60


A CAPRICORN IN THE TROPICS
Our Miss May feels the lure of faraway places with strange-sounding names.

74
FICTION: PLAYING WITH FIRE
Want to dally in side-show alley? Tread carefully. . .

79
PLAY YOUR STRONG SUIT
Fashion editor Vitek shows how to be suitable at all times.

82
20 QUESTIONS: HARRISON FORD
Hollywood's Indiana Jones cracks the whip!

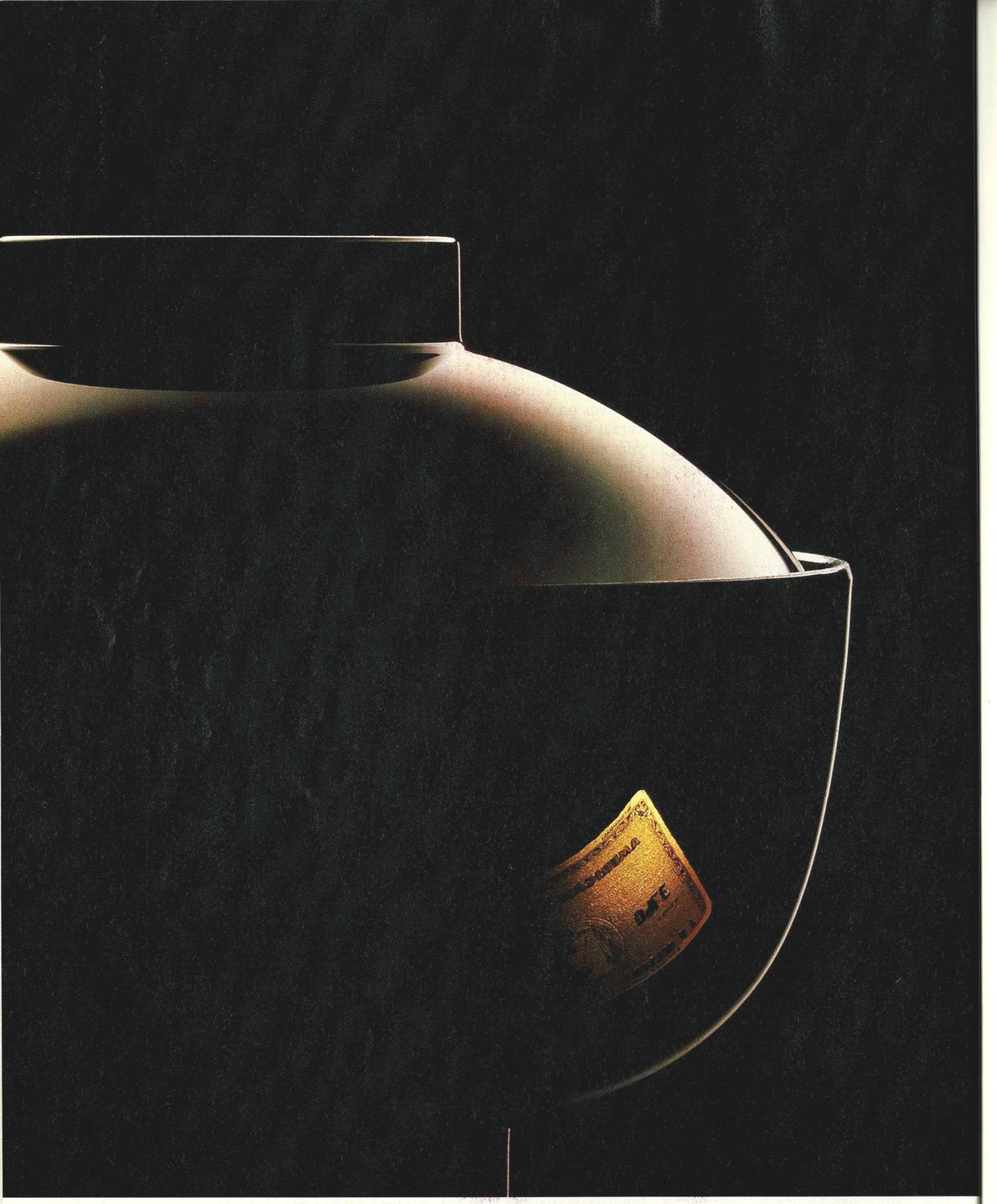


85
CHINA DOLLS
Paul Theroux provides a new slant on Asian pin-ups.

95
BEEPA BEEPA! IT'S THE ITALIAN ROAD RUNNER
Motoring editor Rob Luck gives the new Alfa 33Ti a run for its money.

100
ELOISE
Kim Basinger's film double lives life on the double.

117
ON THE SCENE
All you need to know but were afraid to ask!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Dear Playboy

GUN HO

The new gun laws will be the direct cause of some bloody shoot-outs in Australia and they will be far more violent than anything encountered in the past twelve months.

There are tens of thousands of people to whom the ownership of firearms is an important part of life. These include: survivalists, ex-soldiers, hunters, shooters, paranoids, victims of violent crime and those who just do not feel safe without a weapon to protect themselves. Many of these people will not hand in thousands of dollars' worth of high quality firearms to the police for destruction to receive only a receipt and a vague promise of compensation. (The Government can not afford to pay hundreds of millions of dollars in fair compensation which has been promised.)

So will begin "The Gun Raids" where the Tactical Response Group will surround a house and move in, acting on "information received", to search for illegal weapons. The owner, who is facing a jail term for possession, will then attempt to shoot it out. He/she will be well armed, well trained, will have large quantities of ammunition and will be physically and mentally prepared for a battle. The massive fire power involved will result in death and destruction on an unprecedented scale.

The only people who will hand in weapons will be those who would never use them to break the law. Criminals and crazies are currently stockpiling weapons and ammunition.

The black market that operates in handguns and explosives now will expand into lucrative new markets which will eventually include rifles, machine-guns and rocket launchers imported from South-East Asia.

All this will do nothing to curb the growing murder rate. It will only herald a change of weapons to axes, knives, iron bars, crossbows, cars and Kung Fu weapons.

The answer to the problem lies in a change in community values from "I'm all right, Jack" to honesty, decency and loyalty. Perhaps the best place to start is if the politicians lead by example and stop telling the public half truths and only what we "need to know". I suspect there is more than meets the eye to the new gun laws.

Mark Ellis,
St Ives, NSW.

WELL DONE

Firstly let me confess to NOT liking **Ken Done** fabric designs, this being probably my only exposure to his work. **Rennie Ellis**'s December '87 story, on the other hand, has stirred my interest in OTHER works! I used to think the K. Done T-shirt phenomenon was just a lucky doodle, but this assumption was fairly flogged after reading your article.

Smart cookie, this Done fellow. Thanks, Ken, for the distinction between classical and impressionistic styles, but Ken, were you really in the habit of ordering up "Twelve wonderful girls. . . to show me their tits"?

Mike Mannion,
Jabiru, NT.

DOLLED UP

Your **Baby Doll** pictorial (March '88) was really hot stuff and proves that Australia's got the hottest women. If this sexy doll wants to be a singer, good luck to her, because I'm already tuned in.

Steve,
Port Pirie, SA.

Confucius once said: "A bird in the hand is worth pushing her bush." Therefore, because your Baby Doll pictorial sent me out of my tree, could you please show me her bush again. Or maybe her boobs. Or even just her face, but show me more please.

G. M.,
Horsham, Victoria.

Our Baby Doll pictorial obviously hit the right note, and received press coverage across the nation. So for Steve and G. M. and the host of other Baby Doll fans who wrote in, here's just a little more of her — Ed.

SMOKOE TIME

I have been a great admirer of your magazine ever since **Karen Pini** first graced the centrefold in 1979. In those early days, I bought two Aussie men's magazines, but after several issues I quickly realised which one had the far superior articles, pictorials and humor.

Recently I went through my *Australian Playboy* collection and the only criticism I have is that there is a scarcity of pictorials which show a woman smoking a cigarette or cigar. Your magazine advertises cigarettes, but do you have a policy of not showing women smoking?

Since the first edition there have been approximately 380 pictorial spreads and of these only 25 (and only two centrefolds) have shown a cigarette-smoking woman. I can't quite believe that only 6 percent of all your glorious women portrayed over the years smoke, when the national average is over 20 percent.

A well-positioned cigarette such as those shown in the pictorials of **Kat Livingstone** (April '86) and **Brigitte Nielsen** (Sept '86) have a far more erotic and sexy appeal than a pleasing, pearly-white smile, don't you think? So how about evening up the score?

S. Norval,
Stirling, ACT.

*We've lifted the average for you lately. Brigitte Nielsen again sucked on a fag in her latest appearance (Jan '88), and in this issue, **Vanity** is about to wrap her lips around a smoke. However, we have to tread carefully with the cig caper, otherwise hordes of anti-smoking health nazis will descend upon us like loopy locusts — Ed.*

THE BIG GAP

My father picked up a copy of your January issue (bought by my brother), skimmed through it, grunted, and said: "I don't know how they manage to sell a copy." So I informed him. In my opinion your standard of articles is first rate. The Men and Women columns are easily my favorites. I would buy *Australian Playboy* for those alone. **Bettina Arndt**'s sex column is always fascinating. Reading about other people's problems is strangely entertaining.

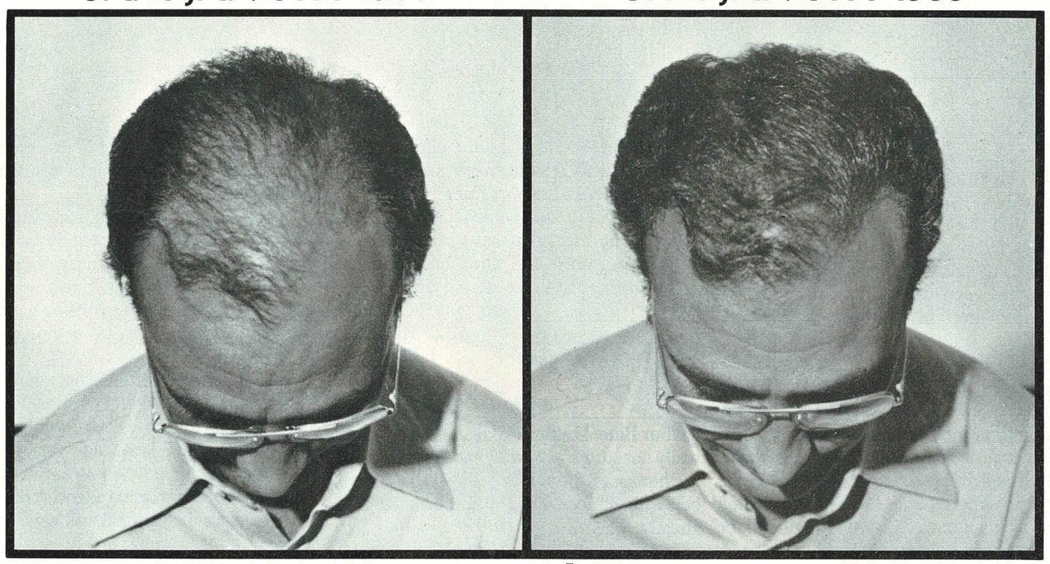
But it is your pictorials that are so enjoyable. There wouldn't be a single bloke alive who wouldn't feel extremely horny after checking out those sexy honeys.

My father still couldn't understand why people buy your magazine. The generation gap lives, I guess.

Stephen Davies,
East Malvern, VIC.

Write to us! Send your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that have something to say. We'll give a 12 month subscription to each letter that we publish.

9AM JAN 8TH 1988 3PM JAN 8TH 1988



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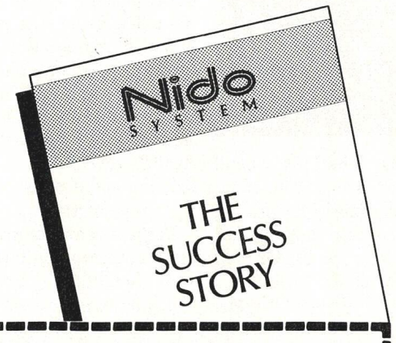

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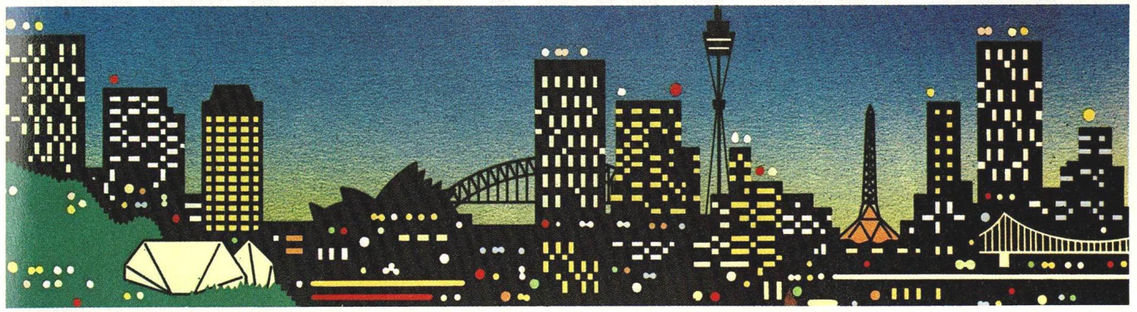

FALSE PRETENCES

Playboy's offices in Los Angeles were somewhat surprised but, who knows, perhaps a little flattered by the telephone call. Three representatives of *Australian Playboy* were apparently desirous of paying a courtesy call at the Mansion and taking a few photographs of any assorted bunnies who might have been hanging around.

Just to be on the safe side Los Angeles asked the names of those concerned and put through a quick call to *Australian Playboy*'s headquarters in Sydney to check up. More than a little puzzled we asked which of our staff were supposed to be swanning around the United States without telling us. Ian Tonkin, Steven Schwartz and Richard Beckett was the reply.

We swivelled around in our seats to ensure Mr Tonkin was still poring over proofs at his desk. A call to Brisbane and Steven Schwartz's wife confirmed he was steadfast at his post. And we didn't need to investigate further about our late, highly esteemed Booze columnist Richard Beckett who had sadly passed away a few weeks earlier!

Nice try, fellers! Much more finesse than Eddie Murphy used to get inside the Mansion in *Beverley Hills Cop 2*, but lack of attention to detail let you down.

INTERDEPARTMENTAL RIVALRY

In the Sudan public servants show a commendable desire to look after the interests of the ordinary citizen. In a recent interview the acting commissioner of police in the Bahr el Ghazal district told how one of his officers stopped a soldier from robbing an old woman of her firewood.

"This annoyed the soldier, who shot Officer Dume and the old woman," he said. "Officer Antogan, who was passing the scene, then shot the soldier and four other soldiers who came to his rescue. By this time tempers were badly frayed. [*Sudanese understatement?*] The army sent in a platoon and shot several policemen. The police were joined by a group of Zambian wildlife experts and together they drove the army out.

"At this point I arrived and was shot, nobody knows by whom. However, when I have gathered my forces there is going to be a very thorough investigation."

If only Australian governments and government departments would sort out differences of opinion with such enthusiasm.

KIWI CAPERS

And from the Land Of The Long White Cloud, news that confirms us in our opinion that they should stick to raising sheep. A 67-year-old ex-naval officer complains of how he advertised for a prospective wife and received a reply from a lady with two teenage sons who seemed most suitable.

"We had a strong mutual interest in sailing," he said. "Three months later, she and her sons arrived here and we were married on the quayside. When she asked if she might spend the night alone on my schooner, the *Spindrift*, I agreed. But in the morning she, her sons and the *Spindrift* had vanished and I have not seen them since."

Thank God they stopped playing host to US atomic warships. The mind boggles at what they might do with one of them!

SMOG THE MAGIC DRAGON

There's good news in the air in California. The Asthma And Allergy Foundation Of America sampled airborne pollen drifting past its LA office and found that 40 percent of the weed pollen was marijuana. And the Californians thought *smog* was making them lightheaded and breathless.

VICTIMS OF THE CRASH

Ignore all those tasteless jokes about yuppies. Some very real suffering took place as the stock-market plummeted. Here we see a couple of brokers trying bravely to enjoy a business lunch, 1988-style.

TYPICAL MOTHER-IN-LAW PROBLEM

Somehow we doubt if even an expert like Bettina Arndt could produce an answer to a problem submitted recently to an agony aunt on a major British Sunday. The writer, who claimed to be a happily married woman of 42, said she had just returned from visiting her invalid father when to her horror she found her loving husband in bed with her mother.

"To make matters worse HE was wearing my favorite dress, and SHE was tied to the bed moaning: 'Make me young again, make me young again!' " wrote the devastated wife and daughter. "I ran down the stairs screaming and crying. My husband followed me into the street, still wearing my dress for all the neighbors to see.

"Since then I've stayed with a friend, only going back to get my clothes."

At least HE can't wear them any more. That's one of her problems solved. What they'll do about making her mother young again is another matter.

SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE FUN

From Britain comes news which gives us hope that Christian values are not yet dead in that cradle of civilisation. The Reverend Robert Simpson of Barnston, near York, has come up with a novel idea for punishing criminals and deterring future offenders. The reverend gent wants automatic flogging machines which will deliver a pre-set number of strokes on the buttocks of offenders, starting with shoplifters and working up to more serious criminals. He says the flogging would be all part of the sentence and the machine would reduce the burden of responsibility to one machine operator.

But surely that takes away all the fun enjoyed by generations of schoolmasters and other assorted floggers when actually applying the cane personally to all those quivering buttocks?

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LNC0034

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

Dear Bettina: *When my wife goes to see her gynaecologist I get all bent out of shape. I have visions of her lying on the examination table, legs spread wide, with this guy inserting his fingers into her vagina. I can't help but wonder what else goes on. I suppose I'm wondering more what goes on in their heads than thinking they actually get up to anything but the thought still drives me crazy.*

My wife knows I feel like this and she tells me that going to see the doctor doesn't do a thing for her. In fact she claims she hates being examined and gets all embarrassed by what's going on. This really surprises me as she is anything but inhibited when she's with me — so I suppose that that's why it is hard to imagine she could let anyone do that to her without getting turned on. I also wonder if the doctor gets anything out of the examination -- other than his fee? Do other men have similar thoughts? Do other women ever feel that the doctor is taking advantage of the situation, at least mentally, by getting his kicks?

— L.F., SA.

Most women, like your wife, do not find the experience of being examined sexual. In fact many regard it as an unpleasant chore which causes them considerable embarrassment. As I am sure you are aware, the doctor's training teaches him (or her) to make the whole situation as clinical as possible. There is always a sheet available to cover the lower half of the body, which means you are not lying there half-naked. In fact with the sheet in place you often feel strangely disconnected from what the doctor is doing to your nether regions (which is one reason why some women choose not to use the sheet). The doctor wears latex gloves, which don't exactly feel erotic, and uses lubricant which unfortunately many doctors fail to warm up. Having cold, lubricated fingers poking around inside you isn't much fun. And then there are the instruments, particularly the speculum, which the doctor uses to hold the vaginal walls apart. Inserted cold, particularly in uncaring hands, this can be a most uncomfortable experience, and even with doctors who do everything they can to be gentle, basically the whole business is distinctly clinical and often uncomfortable.

I am glad you asked these questions as I am sure there are many other men who have shared similar concerns — in fact I have known men who refuse to allow their wives to visit the doctor on their own. I would be interested in hearing from readers regarding their attitudes toward these issues.

This is not to say that there are not also women who do get a kick out of visits to the gynaecologist. The gynaecologist does sometimes feature in women's erotic fantasies and many women do make a special effort to wear perfume and their best lingerie for consultations. It is also true that many doctors find they occasionally have sexual thoughts about their patients. But basically, for most doctors, the sight of a female's genitals in this clinical context isn't sexual — it's work and most of the time it stays that way, both in thought and action. The occasional doctor who does make sexual advances to patients is luckily a rare exception in a predominantly ethical profession.

When I first entered my teens I found myself to be quite "well hung" so I kept tucking my penis down in my underpants so it wouldn't bulge so much. This caused it to bend downwards even when I have an erection. To add to the problem I have about 100 small wart-like growths behind the head of my penis which have been there since I was born. Then later on the skin around the eye seemed to start tearing each time I had sex. Even when I just got an erection I could sometimes feel the skin ripping. I now have a small amount of loose skin hanging around the eye of my penis and my erections are not as full as they used to be: with a downward curve and warts behind the head, I am very conscious of this problem and needless to say I have not had sex for a long time.

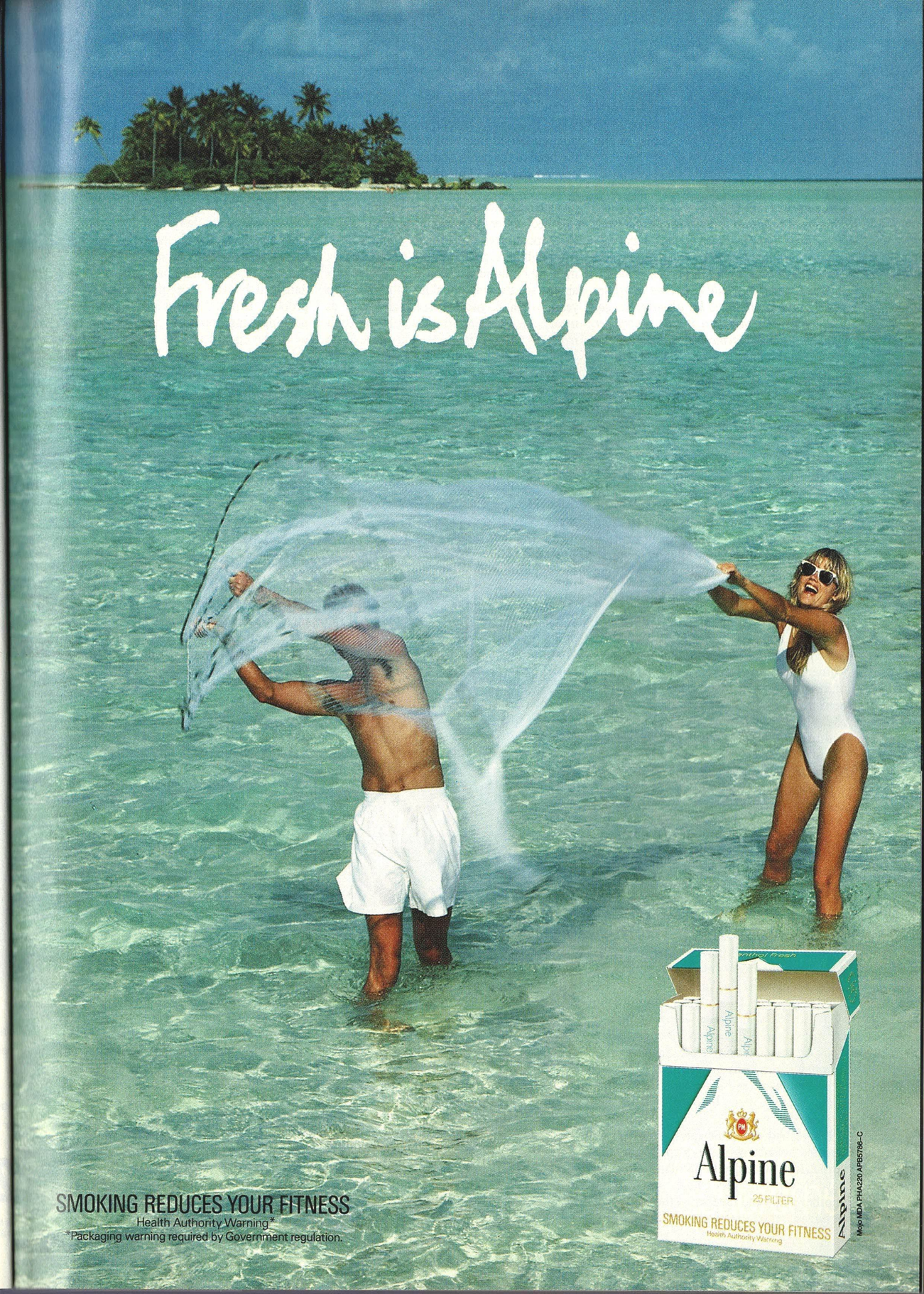
This is not a joke! I am a fairly outgoing sort of person with a genuine personality, a lot of friends, and do not have a lot of difficulty in finding a partner. But with this hang-up I am fast growing into an introvert. I read in one of your articles about another male with a curve in his penis caused by a different thing, but you suggested possibly inserting a prosthesis. I would appreciate it very much if you could give me some advice or refer me to some sort of specialist. I do not drink or smoke very much and lead a fairly normal healthy lifestyle. At 24 I believe there is plenty of time left in my life to enjoy it but it is dampened somewhat by my problem.

— F.L., Vic.

Well, I certainly hope that at age 24 you do have plenty of life left to enjoy! It is a great shame you have left this problem for so long without seeking help. Delaying seeking treatment has caused you a great deal of unnecessary embarrassment and concern. Your doctor has probably seen many men with similar problems. I feel strongly that seeing your local doctor is a sensible first step and then if you are not satisfied with the treatment he (or she) suggests, you could seek help elsewhere.

The warts you describe on your penis could be genital warts caused by the human papillomavirus or HPV, but since you believe they have been there since birth there may also be some other explanation. There are a whole range of infections and minor skin disorders which can affect the penis and you will need to be examined by a medical practitioner to obtain a correct diagnosis. When you are next in Melbourne, you might like to visit one of the STD (sexually transmitted diseases) clinics where you could be seen by a doctor who is used to penises and their problems. There you could be assured of the anonymity and expertise you seek. But don't worry — whatever the problem, the chances are it will turn out to be something which can be treated and you will get rid of some of your anxieties.

As for the bend in your penis, as I have mentioned a number of times in this column, there is no evidence that you can cause a permanent bend in the penis simply by tucking it down into your underpants. Many men have penises which bend in one direction or another and often it is just a question of making some slight adjustment in the position used for intercourse to make the whole procedure more comfortable for you both. Perhaps your awkwardness is related more to your experience and your excessive concern about your penis than any real difficulty with the shape. You referred to a previous column in which I mentioned the use of the penile prosthesis for treating a bend in the penis. That advice was in connection with Peyronies disease, a complaint



which causes the penis to gradually become more bent and sometimes painful. Some urologists have tried using prostheses to treat this condition but this is an experimental approach and certainly would not be used just for a slight bend in the penis, as the doctor will explain.

Recently I came home unexpectedly and surprised my fiancee undressing in the bedroom. I happened to notice her panties lying on the floor — she was then taking a shower — and was surprised to see there was a distinct wet spot on them, rather whitish in color. This left me wondering if she could be having an affair: when I said something to her about it, she got really cross and said that it was simply her normal discharge from the vagina. She said that she was in the middle of her cycle and that the white stuff comes when she ovulates. Does this make sense? I hate being so suspicious — she is still mad at me for being so untrusting but it has continued to worry me.

— L.P., Qld.

It is quite possible that what you observed was normal vaginal discharge — as your fiancee described. The mucus which is released from the cervix — the opening to the uterus — does change during the menstrual cycle. After menstruation and before ovulation the discharge is white, cloudy or sometimes yellowish in color and is usually thick and sticky. Then, a few days before ovulation, the volume of discharge increases and the discharge becomes clear and quite slippery, and can be stretched between the fingers rather like raw egg white. Sometimes women will find globs of this sticky mucus on their panties at this time of the month. Semen, on the other hand, can start off thick and viscous soon after it is released but within a few minutes it changes to a thin liquid. Hence all you are likely to notice on a pair of knickers is a wet patch.

Having told you all this, what I believe is more important is the issue of trust, particularly as you are planning to get married. I suggest you have a real problem if you really find yourself doubting your fiancee's fidelity at this stage in your relationship. Okay, we all have occasional doubts and a wet pair of panties could arouse momentary suspicion. But the fact that given her explanation you still find yourself haunted by fears does suggest you have little confidence in her commitment to you. You must think seriously about what this means.

At age 16 I don't have anyone to talk to about sex. My question concerns my penis. I don't know if it is circumcised. Sounds stupid, doesn't it? I don't like to ask anyone but I have always wondered if I am or not. How do you tell?

— F.K., Qld.

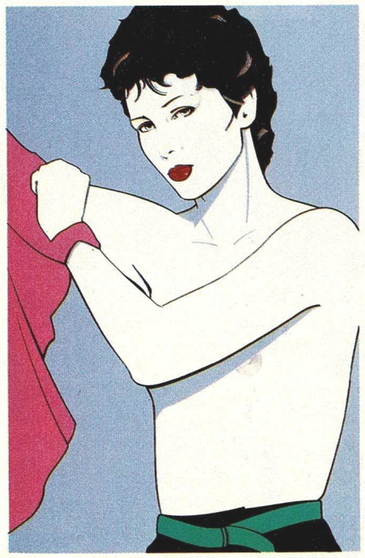
I have had the same question asked by married women who have spent all their sexual lives with the same man. They too have never had the chance to examine another penis and determine the difference between the circumcised and non-circumcised variety. When a male is circumcised the foreskin (or prepuce) of his penis is removed. This is a layer of skin which surrounds the glans or head of the penis. When the penis is flaccid, the foreskin of the uncircumcised man will often totally cover the head of the penis, sometimes protruding beyond the end. This means the man will sometimes have to draw it back in order to urinate (it is not a good idea to allow urine to collect under the foreskin, as damp, moist skin encourages the growth of infection). Although in Australia you will still find most men are circumcised, you will probably be able to see the occasional intact foreskin (in years to come, you will see many more as most baby boys are now being left in their natural state). With men who have been circumcised, the corona, the rim which surrounds the head of the penis, is usually fully exposed and you can sometimes see the scar where the skin was removed.

When the penis is erect, sometimes the foreskin will retract, fully exposing the glans, but in some men it stays in position, with the loose skin still covering the head. Sometimes it is impossible to retract a tight foreskin and this causes medical problems such as infections and scarring. Doctors usually recommend that men with tight foreskins have a small surgical procedure to loosen the glans and avoid such problems.

My lover really gets off on manual stimulation, where I use my fingers to rub inside her vagina. She likes me to use a lot of pressure, pushing her vagina out really wide inside. Recently I have been inserting a number of fingers, which she says increases the pressure and gives her extra sensation. She keeps asking me to insert my whole hand but I feel a bit weird about doing that.

Do you think it would harm her? I am afraid it would stretch her or hurt the vagina in some way. Would it be safe?

— E.C., A.C.T.



Provided you are careful to make sure your hand is lubricated before you begin, and she is relaxed and aroused, you will probably find you are able to insert most of your fingers into her vagina. You should also take care that your fingernails are short and clean. The vagina can obviously stretch to accommodate objects even bigger than a man's hand — during childbirth for instance — but even then it is a gradual process and one which still sometimes causes damage to the vagina. If your lover has already had children via a vaginal delivery, the vagina would already be fully dilated and therefore less likely to be damaged by the type of stimulation you propose. If not, I would suggest you avoid pushing things too far. By using your fingers to stroke firmly against the walls of the vagina, you can exert a lot of stimulation without putting too much pressure on the vaginal entrance.

The other day my girlfriend and I were involved in some sex play — it didn't get very far because we kept on being interrupted and she didn't manage to climax. But afterward she told me that her clitoris was hurting her and when we looked at it, we found it was protruding and swollen. It calmed down later but she was still red and sore. What do you think happened? Were we doing anything wrong?

— L.B., Tas.

The clitoris, like the penis, does expand and become erect in response to sexual excitement. In some women this is barely noticeable, but in others the clitoris grows considerably and can protrude well above the vulva. I suspect that you had never noticed this before because you have always been in a position to move on to having intercourse before your girlfriend reached quite this level of arousal. But this time, with all the interruptions, all the ups and downs in the stimulation your girlfriend was receiving must have increased her sexual tension to the point where her clitoris was fully erect and exposed. I am sure you have noticed the same thing can happen to the penis. When you go for a long time getting more and more excited without any opportunity for sexual relief you can end up with a very full, throbbing erection. There may also have been some swelling of the clitoris and surrounding tissues due to excessive stimulation of the dry skin in the area. You have to be careful when stimulating the clitoris because the area has no natural lubrication and the skin is very sensitive. This means you have to use some other means of lubrication if you are using a finger — take some lubrication from the vagina, use some saliva, or even better, an artificial lubricant such as KY jelly or baby oil.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- *Australian Playboy*, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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Money

In silent movies, the villain was always the landlord. Dressed in black, with a matching moustache, this venal lecher made improper advances toward the virginal daughter of his poor-but-honest tenant. She resisted, of course, and the landlord threatened to retaliate by throwing the entire family into the street.

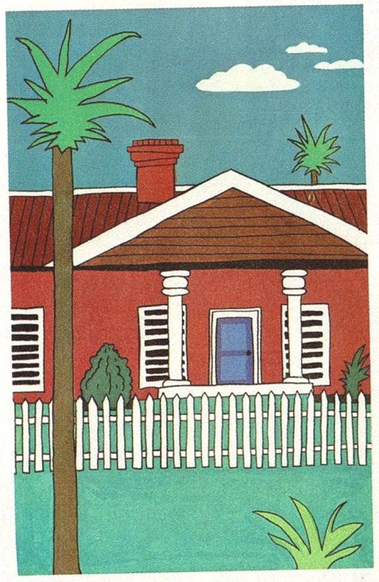
Needless to say, goodness and decency always triumphed. But the fear of eviction touched a personal note with many members of the audience. In those days few people owned houses. Farmers did, and so did the rich, but the average person was forced to rent. Buying a house meant accumulating a 50 percent deposit and paying off the rest in five years. This was simply beyond the means of many workers.

Even for those who managed to obtain a mortgage, entry into polite society was hardly guaranteed. Having a mortgaged house was viewed as rather shameful — something you could never mention to your prospective father-in-law. Today, the entire notion seems quaint. Paid-off mortgages are as rare as virginal daughters; the wealthiest members of society are among the deepest in debt.

The history of the past 50 years is one of increasing accessibility to mortgage finance. Once, money was available only from banks. Today, building societies, credit unions, insurance companies, finance companies, and governments are all in the home loan business. Deposits have shrunk from 50 percent to 10 percent or less. At the same time, loan terms have increased from five to 25 or even 30 years. The main beneficiary has been the average salary earner. Longer loans mean smaller monthly payments which, coupled with minimal deposits, have made ownership a reality for most Australian families.

Until recently, the major innovation in mortgages was the switch from fixed to variable-rate loans. In the happy, pre-inflationary 1960s, it was common for mortgage interest rates to be set for the life of the loan. Say, for example, you wanted to buy an attractive suburban house for $30,000 (the going price for inner Sydney suburbs in those days). You put down $10,000 and borrowed the rest at 7 percent interest. Your monthly payment on a 15-year loan was $180. No matter what happened to interest rates during the next 15 years, you continued to pay the same $180 per month. When the last payment was made, the house was yours.

As everyone knows, during the next 15 years interest rates soared into the stratosphere. Banks and building societies were earning a miserable 7 percent on their fixed-rate loans while market interest rates were pushing 20 percent. To avoid getting caught this way again, lenders insisted that mortgage interest rates be adjustable; that is, rates rise and fall with changes in the economy.



Forget about discharging this mortgage; it's like an overdraft with no expiry date.

Although they are certainly a departure from the fixed rates of the past, today's adjustable-rate mortgages do not really represent a radical change. Loans are still made for a fixed sum, interest-plus-principal payments are still due each month and, at the end of the term (usually 25 years), the property is yours. For some years now these mortgages have been the only game in town. But finance, like any other form of human endeavor, is open to innovation. The 1980s have seen the introduction of VCRs, cellular phones, cabbage patch dolls and other marvels, so why not a new type of mortgage — one that never ends?

It all seems to have started with the introduction by Citibank of something called *Mortgage Power.* This is how it works. You put down a deposit and the bank lends you the rest (up to $500,000) using your property as security. Sounds just like any other mortgage, right? Wrong. There is one big difference. You pay interest on the money you borrow but repayments of the principal are optional. Now, it should be obvious that if you only pay interest and put nothing toward the principal, you will never pay off the loan. The bank knows this and does not care. As far as Citibank is concerned, you *never* have to pay back the money they lend you. So long as you make your interest payments, you can stay in debt for life, and maybe into the great beyond.

Of course, the bank does not actually prohibit you from paying off your loan. Unlike a traditional mortgage, you can make payments toward the principal whenever, and in any amount, you like. If you "deposit" $1000 into your Mortgage Power account, you save the interest you would otherwise have been obligated to pay. As I write, the Mortgage Power interest rate in 15.4 percent. Thus, reducing the loan by $1000 saves $154 per year.

Putting an equivalent amount of money into a savings account or cash management trust would produce around 11 percent interest. But one-third to one-half of this would be lost in income tax. Clearly, you are better off reducing your loan. At current rates, putting money into your Mortgage Power account is the equivalent of earning 15.4 percent after tax. What's more, should you wish to buy something — a new car, a boat, a private plane, or transfer to a new house — you can always take your money back out of your Mortgage Power account. (The bank even issues you a cheque book for those "spur of the moment" purchases.)

Readers with friendly bank managers will recognise Citibank's plan as an overdraft arrangement with no expiry date. You pay interest only on the money you use and can draw on the credit line whenever you need to. The loan establishment fees are slightly higher than those required for traditional mortgages; so, too, is the interest rate. But these are likely to decrease with competition. Already other banks are getting into the act. Plans similar to Mortgage Power are being offered by the Australian Bank (Equity Credit) and the Advance Bank (Loan Magic) and the concept is certain to spread.

Eventually, the mortgage-burning parties so popular in our grandparents' day will become extinct. Loans may never be discharged. Instead, many of us will stay in debt for life. And when the time comes for us to go to that great cashless economy in the sky, we can use our line of credit to pay for the funeral. — SETH GREGORY

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Am I the only person on earth who doesn't love Marilyn Monroe? I know I'm supposed to, because she's dead and was beautiful and tragic. But Marilyn Monroe is the embodiment (sorry) of everything I hate about how men regard women. In every movie, she played a lame-brain. Men constantly slavered in her presence, but she never noticed because she was too busy playing paddle ball and jiggling her breasts or thinking someone was a woman when he was actually a man with a giant hard-on. She was fresh, she was dewy, and she was completely and utterly unconscious. Here is the message she sent to men: "If you play your cards right, you could trick me into fucking you."

And so men tried. They dissembled, they leered, they smirked sweatily and elbowed one another in the ribs. And Marilyn never noticed; she writhed around, helpless, like a doe caught in the glare of headlights. I hate seeing this.

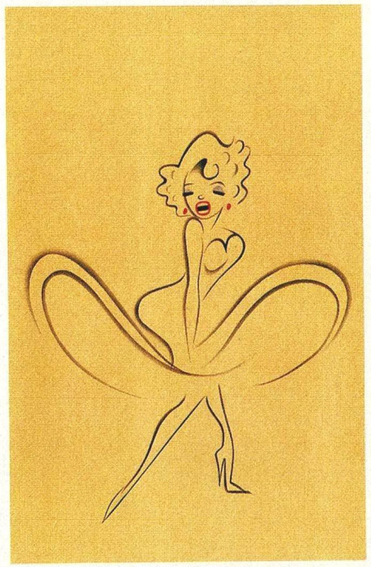
There is an old saying, "The trouble with women is that they have all the pussy." And don't we know it! We just don't know what the hell to do about it. If we show we know we have this pussy between our legs, then we are sluts, we are unnatural, we are not real women, who must be modest about such things. That was the thing about Marilyn in movies — here was this gorgeous, luscious dame who acted like she didn't know she had a pussy.

All of us women have, through the years, pretended an obliviousness to our sexuality as protection, since this is where we are tragically vulnerable. Men are bigger and stronger than we are, and if we act like we know about sex and like it, then we're asking for it, for rape.

Whereas men are proud of their dicks and will talk about them for hours if given the slightest encouragement. Watch a male comedian in a club and nine times out of ten he will talk lovingly of his dick and probably fondle it too. Do you remember in the film *48 Hours*, when Eddie Murphy talked about how he'd been in prison so long his dick got hard in a light breeze? Do you remember the movie where Whoopi Goldberg said, "I haven't been laid in so long that when I see a guy, I just slide across the room?" Of course you don't. It never happened.

Because women are treated as prey. To be treated as prey is to be treated as an animal, dumber and less valuable than the predator.

From the viewpoint of many men, there are two stages in a woman's life: prey and invisible. After a certain age, when men don't want to fuck you anymore, they don't see you.



Why do I hate Marilyn Monroe? Because she wanted love but she settled for lust.

I am somewhere between the two and it is an interesting perspective. For years, I had to fend off lines from men, like, "What are you afraid of?" or "What's the matter with you, are you uptight?" or even the ever-popular "Just relax, will you?"

This has always infuriated me, because it is insulting to my intelligence to be manipulated in this way, so I'd say things like "No, I'm not afraid of you; I just have no interest in sleeping with you." This gave me the reputation as a ball-buster, a castrating bitch. So then I'd respond to manipulation with more manipulation: "You're a lovely fellow, but I'm in love with Rodney. Do you know him? He plays full back for St George."

Now that I am getting slightly long in the tooth, it's almost worse. Now I have to wait 15 minutes to pay for the milk in my deli, because there's a young blonde with big tits in the store, and the counter guys just don't notice me standing there even though they're looking straight at me. Or I'll go to a party, say "Hello, Tom" to Tom who is 25, and he'll say a vague hello to the air, because even though I might have a pussy, it's not a pussy he wants, and it's as if he actually, physically, cannot see me.

This predator-prey mind-set has many creepy ramifications. Last night I was at a nightclub and asked my friend Wendell if he'd seen Clair. "You know her," I said. "She's tall, funny, a jewellery designer." "Oh," he said, "you mean the girl with the big arse and the fat legs?"

Now, I know that men are a supremely visual species, and care inordinately about such things as the length of a neck and the width of a hip, but I wasn't asking Wendell if he wanted to fuck Clair. Yet to him, and to many men, Clair is defined only by her quotient of sexual attractiveness. She is the girl with the big arse, not the girl who has some interesting ideas about neoromanticism and who can beat anyone at backgammon. This is belittlement.

Not much further down the line is harassment. If a man can convince himself that we are not whole, separate people with feelings and ideas and yearnings, as well as pussies, then he can justify to himself slapping us playfully on the rear as we walk by him in the lunchroom with a plate of stew. And if that plate of stew slides to the floor, and we get down on our knees to clean it up, well of course he's going to make a coarse remark, and too bad if we blush and feel confused and angry.

My steadfast opinion is that sexual harassment and belittlement is only superficially a product of men's feelings of superiority. Underneath this is fear and, who knows, possibly hatred. Men who are afraid and insecure become bullies and brutes. Men who are afraid of or angry with women will bully them and humiliate them sexually, where they are vulnerable. Instead of expressing his anger at a woman directly, a man will make adolescent remarks about her tits, or write a demeaning sexual fantasy about her.

If we respond to this anger, we are castrating cunts. If we don't respond, we are co-operating in our own victimisation. What would you have us do?

Okay, I don't really hate Marilyn. I just hate the way she colluded with those who were belittling and objectifying her. In fact, I understand her motives all too well. She wanted love, didn't believe she deserved it, and took what she considered the next best thing — lust. At least she got attention, but to believe that this attention was a good, positive thing, she had to bludgeon her consciousness with every drug she could find.

So here's who I like: Cher. She's a smart-mouth who will appear almost naked on television and just dare you to make something of it. — CYNTHIA HEIMEL

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All bold men have tasted it, all wise men return to it as frequently as possible. I refer, of course, to the fine art of eating out. Purists call it cunnilingus. I call it pumping fur.

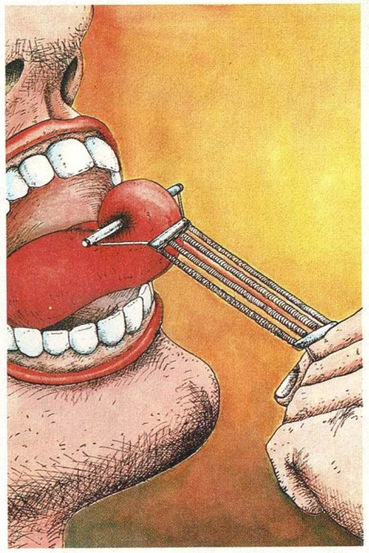
Did you ever notice that there's a conspiracy of silence about this subject? Why do so few men admit to pumping fur while so many practise it? In a society in which we publish restaurant reviews in every newspaper and magazine, why are we so unwilling to discuss *all* our eating habits?

Men, the time has come to pry open the lips of reticence and lick the problem in the bud. What follows are the questions most frequently raised about the fine art of eating out. The hope here is that by bringing this most universal activity out of the closet, we'll be able to trade information and offer advice that leads to better eating and better loving.

Are there conditioning exercises for pumping fur? I'd like to get in shape for it, but I don't know how.

This is an elemental question, of course. Cunnilingus is an athletic act. Think about it: with your mouth centred on the object of your affections, you try to become a human vibrator. "What am I, a hummingbird?" you sometimes ask yourself. Your neck aches, your knees hurt, your tongue tires. According to the National Sex Injuries Institute, 84.7 percent of all men who practise it are at one time or another injured while pumping fur. Clearly, this is no laughing matter.

I recommend a conditioning regimen that includes: 1) neck exercises (from a standing position, bend at the waist, raise your head, and put your face against the wall, placing all your weight on your nose for as long as you can); 2) tongue twisters (say "clit twit" rapidly 400 times); 3) tongue curls (use weights tied to a tongue depressor); 4) chin bounces (do a headstand, then pivot on your chin); 5) knee scrapes (carpet your living room floor with mattress tacking and walk around on your knees for a few hours each evening). Put it this way: while your friends train for triathlons and marathons, you're getting in shape for a furpumpingthon. In your heart of hearts, which event truly deserves Olympic status?



Arnold Schwarzenegger was wrong. Real men don't pump iron, they pump fur.

I like pumping fur, but I'm never sure what rhythms I'm supposed to follow or how long I should do it.

There is a lot of confusion here. Different men have different answers, but based on intense interviews with 8478 women, I suggest the Walkman approach. Tape the following in their entirety and in this exact order: Ravel's *Bolero,* the Spike Jones version of *The Flight Of The Bumble Bee,* Mozart's *Requiem* and Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* (fourth movement only). The next time you are about to pump fur, put on your headphones, start the tape and go to work. The tape will give you some sense of the momentum, pace and duration practised by the most successful fur pumpers. Over time, of course, you'll be able to take off the headphones and work from memory.

My lover claims she doesn't like fur pumping. How can I convince her to let me have the taste treat I'm yearning for?

You might throw some statistics at her. For example, did you know that the National Fur Pumping Institute has reported that men who pump fur for at least 20 minutes four times a week are far less likely to have heart attacks or strokes? "It's fun, it's exciting, it's aerobic," you should tell her. "Don't you want me to live forever?"

I'm embarrassed to admit it, but I'm not sure I like pumping fur. Does that make me less of a man?

If you're looking for liberal sympathy here, forget it. Yes, if you don't like it you are probably a latent transsexual who possesses communist and atheistic tendencies. Any way you cut it, real men do pump fur. But before you despair too deeply, have I mentioned that fur pumping is an acquired taste?

Remember your first beer? Oh, sure, you pretended to like it, and after the first couple you loved it. But remember those first few seconds when it tickled your nose and tasted too salty and smelled unfamiliar? Hey, am I making sense? You get the analogy? All fur pumping takes is a little practice, *compadre.* Familiarity breeds contentment.

I can't stop pumping fur. It's all I ever want to do. Do I have a problem?

Any addiction is a potential problem, and there are a lot of women out there who will take advantage of your helplessness and use you ruthlessly if you don't go for help. Fur Pumpers Anonymous is an organisation that will provide support and advice as you wrestle with your obsession. Be honest, be blunt, admit that you're negotiating with your face too many hours a day, and healing will come in time.

Sometimes when I'm pumping fur, my wife calls me by other men's names. So far she's called me Arthur, Barry, Jonathan, Tom, Gary, John, Peter, Walter, Steve, Jim, Reg and David, but my name is Mortimer. What should I do?

First, change your name. Second, if she ever calls you Asa, remember that Asa's a Biblical name, common as clay in soap operas and *The Book Of Kings.* And finally, please fix the headboard of your bed so it doesn't squeak so much, and don't forget to feed the cats before you go to work, all right?

I told my priest recently about my love of pumping fur. He said it was a tasteless and subversive act and he was ashamed for me. Help!

It's anything but tasteless, right? And if it's subversive, does that mean nobody in ASIO does it? Ask your priest if he's worried about getting hairy palms. He'll shut up.

Okay, men, let's get pumping!

— ASA BABER

With Calgary behind us and Seoul looming, it is time, perhaps, to reflect on the state of the art of sports broadcasting, that increasingly curious and shockingly pervasive influence on our lives.

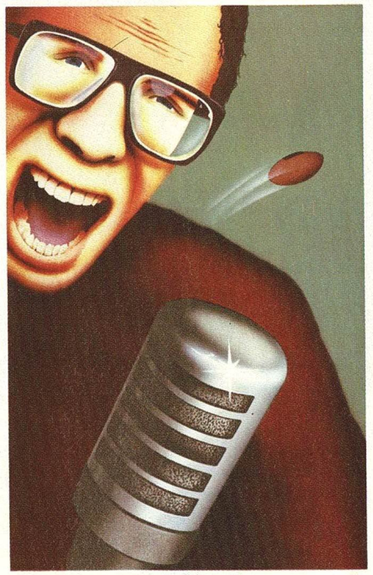
If there was no televised sport — no cricket all day and tennis all night throughout summer, and three or four football matches a week in winter, not to mention midnight to dawn Grand Prixes and occasional athletic spectaculars going around the clock for weeks on end — cars would get washed, lawns would get mowed, friends would get visited, women would get laid, lives would get lived. It would be a vastly different universe for most of us.

Televised sport makes shocking inroads in our lives, no question about it, and what do we get in return? Well, on the upside I suppose we get to share many of those magic moments of individual achievement or national euphoria as our team enjoys a rare victory. Who will ever forget Jon Sieben's lunge over the line to take our only swimming gold at the LA Olympics? And who could forget that downwind leg when it became apparent that we were actually going to prise the America's Cup out of the hands of the New York Yacht Club?

That's the upside. On the downside we get the systematic emasculation of the English language by a team of men (and these days a few token women) whose mission in life seems to be the perpetuation of the myth that morons make the best sportsmen. (And the best commentators when they retire.) Fair enough, the English language is only something we use to facilitate communication. There is nothing sacrosanct about it. In fact one can get quite used to Bill Lawry's "I would have give him out", Tony Greig's "yahs, thet'll be four for shore", or Rex Mossop's infamous tautologies. So let's forget the style and consider the substance.

A fascinating insight into the sports commentator's mind was offered during the *Bicentennial Australia Live* telecast, for which *Wide World Of Sports* reporter Kenny Sutcliffe was sent to the Northern Territory to interview a woman who ran a roadhouse. Yes, Kenny told the camera, this hard-case hostelry was run by five hard-case women. There was the weather beaten lady publican, Kenny said, and six others.

This kind of numerology is often applied to the mathematical complexities of limited-over cricket, a game in which confusion is used to counter boredom. The commentators, who themselves are engaged in constant bickering over whether their infinite



I'll take TV sport till it comes out of my ears, but spare me those moronic commentators.

wisdom is being demeaned by association with this bastardisation of cricket, like nothing better than a sudden shower of rain during a match. This not only means they can nick off to the bar while the waxworks features of former great Richie Benaud attempt to explain the formulae applied to the reckoning of the Kit Kat strike rate; it also means that when the game resumes they can bicker incessantly about the overs reduction, the run rate required and exactly which side has been disadvantaged. Secure in the knowledge that no one at home has any idea what they are talking about, they are thus able to fill the yawning gaps between pointless reminiscences about their own long-forgotten playing careers.

Few players-turned-commentators can resist the anecdote, and presumably these alleged insights into the game are one of the main reasons they are so handsomely overpaid. But the trouble with a sporting anecdote is that it has to have a beginning, an end and hopefully a point, and not all of this fits neatly between slices of action. There is nothing worse than the interminable running anecdote, the one that gets interrupted half a dozen times as the cameras switch from green to green, court to court. Some player-commentators, like Fred Stolle, have the good sense to abandon their yarns and switch to something more relevant. Others, like Ian Chappell, will not be deterred by any on-field event.

With three balls remaining, one side needing a wicket, the other, four runs, Chappell is quite likely to intone: "Getting back to what I was saying 14 overs ago, the reason we called our opener 'Pissflaps' on the tour of South Africa in '68 was that. . ."

Good commentators with an intimate knowledge of the game they are describing tend to restrict themselves to one-liners or quick hits. Football spruikers Jack Gibson and Lou Richards are masters at this. Both can be devastatingly funny and cruel and yet never be off the pace in describing what is happening on the field.

There is another kind of anecdote-teller, most often found in the employ of the ABC sporting department. This is televised sport's equivalent of the party bore, the person who will spend half an hour describing a scene in a slapstick movie, then tell you: "You really had to see it." There being no commercials on the ABC and thus quiet moments in sporting coverage to fill, these people are totally shameless about what they serve up as background to the game. A common beginning is: "I was walking through the bar at lunchtime and I bumped into old (former playing great) who reminded me of the occasion when Australia was in a similarly tight situation..."

In an Olympic year we get the very best and worst of televised sport, and one of the worst of the worst aspects is the assumption that a commentator can speak intelligently about a variety of sports. Even with expert back-up, the economies of sports broadcasting at this level seem to dictate that for much of the time many commentators are winging it. The truth is that the best commentators are specialists who pretend to be nothing else.

There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, about the Nine Network cricket commentators being invited to watch part of the challenger series for the America's Cup during a lay day in the Perth Test. A lunch was served on board the Alan Bond viewing boat and the all-round sports lovers then watched an enthralling race between the Kiwis and Dennis Conner's men. At the height of the excitement someone noticed Bill Lawry's absence. He was discovered with his back to the race, busily baiting with luncheon salami the handline he'd brought in his coat pocket. He caught a couple of fish too.

— PHIL JARRATT

ILLUSTRATION BY ADRIAN DYSON

Vision Breakthrough

When I put on the pair of glasses what I saw I could not believe. Nor will you.

By Dan Presser

I am about to tell you a true story. If you believe me, you will be well rewarded. If you don't believe me, I will make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

Len is a friend of mine who knows good products. One day he called excited about a pair of sunglasses he owned. "It's so incredible," he said, "when you first look through a pair, you won't believe it."

"What will I see?" I asked. "What could be so incredible?"

Len continued, "When you put on these glasses, your vision improves. Objects appear sharper, more defined. Everything takes on an enhanced 3-D effect. And it's not my imagination. I just want you to see for yourself.

COULDN'T BELIEVE EYES

When I received the sunglasses and put them on I couldn't believe my eyes. I kept taking them off and putting them on to see if indeed what I was seeing was indeed actually sharper or if my imagination was playing tricks on me. But my vision improved. It was obvious. I kept putting on my $300 pair of sunglasses and comparing them. They didn't compare. I was very impressed. Everything appeared sharper, more defined and indeed had a greater three dimensional look to it. But what did this product do that made my vision so much better? I found out.

The sunglasses (called Blu-Blockers) filter out the ultraviolet and blue spectrum light waves from the sun. You've often heard the colour blue used for expressions of bad moods such as "blue Monday" or "I have the blues." Apparently, the colour blue, for centuries, has been considered a rather depressing colour.

For eyesight, blue is not a good colour too. There are several reasons. First the blue rays have one of the shortest wavelengths in the visible spectrum (red is the longest). As a result, the colour blue will focus slightly in front of the retina which is the "focusing screen" in your eye. By blocking the blue from the sunlight through a special filtration process, and only letting those rays through that indeed focus clearly on the retina, objects appear to be sharper and clearer.

The second reason is even more impressive. It is harmful to have ultraviolet rays fall on our eyes. Recognized as bad for skin, UV light is worse for eyes and is believed to play a role in many of today's eye diseases. In addition, people with contact lenses are at greater risk because contacts tend to magnify the light thus increasing the sun's harmful effects.

SUNGLASS DANGER

Finally, by eliminating the blue and UV light during the day, your night vision improves. The purple pigment in your eye, called Rhodopsin, is affected by blue and ultraviolet light and the eyes can take hours to recover from the damage.

But what really surprised me was the danger in conventional sunglasses. Our pupils close in bright light to limit the light entering the eye and open wider at night like the lens of an automatic camera. So when we put on sunglasses, although we reduce the amount of light that enters our eyes, our pupils open wider and we allow more of the harmful blue and ultraviolet light into our eyes.

DON'T BE CONFUSED

I'm often asked by people who read this, "Do those Blu-Blockers really work?" They really do and please give me the opportunity to prove it. I guarantee each pair of Blu-Blockers to perform exactly as I described.

Blu-Blocker sunglasses use ophthalmic-quality CR-39 lenses with a hard anti-scratch coating. Over 85 percent of all doctors' prescriptions are now filled with CR-39. No shortcuts were taken.

The black, lightweight anodized aluminium frame is one of the most comfortable I have ever worn and compares with many of the $200 pairs you can buy from France or Italy.

The weakest link in any pair of glasses is the hinge. So there's a precision two-way tension hinge that not only bends when you close the pair, but is spring-loaded to bend outward too. You get a completely flexible frame that will comfortably contour to any size face.

There are also two other models. One is a clip-on pair that weighs less than one ounce and fits over presciption lenses and the second is a precision-moulded plastic frame that looks identical to the aluminium model but without the tension hinge. All models include a padded carrying case and a one-year limited warranty.

They look like sunglasses

I urge you to order a pair and experience your improved vision. Then take your old sunglasses and compare them to the Blue-Blocker sunglasses. So how much clearer and sharper objects appear with the Blu-Blocker pair. And see if your night vision doesn't improve as a direct result. If you don't see a dramatic difference in your vision – one so noticeable that you can tell immediately, then send them back any time within 30 days and I will send you a prompt and courteous refund.

DRAMATIC DIFFERENCE

But from what I've personally witnessed, once you wear a pair, there will be no way you'll want to return it.

Pilots, golfers, hunters, athletes and anyone who spends a great deal of time in the sun, who drives a car or who just wants to protect their vision – all will find Blu-Blocker sunglasses indispensable.

Our eyes are very important to us. Protect them and at the same time improve your vision with the most incredible breakthrough in sunglasses since they were first introduced. Order a pair or two at no obligation, today.

— MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY —

JS&A National Sales Group
Private Bag 1, P.O. Surrey Hills, Vic. 3127.
Phone (03) 836 2055.

Yes, I would love to order a pair of BLU-BLOCKERS Sunglasses:

Polarized Deluxe Price	$149.95 + P&H $5.95	[ ]
Aluminium Frame	$99.95 + P&H $5.95	[ ]
Plastic Frame	$59.95 + P&H $5.95	[ ]
Clip-On	$49.95 + P&H $5.95	[ ]

Payment details: [ ] Cheque [ ] Money Order
[ ] Credit card: type _____ No. _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____

Allow 45 days for delivery

JS&A

Showbiz

After La Bamba, stand by for more movie bios of '50s rock legends.

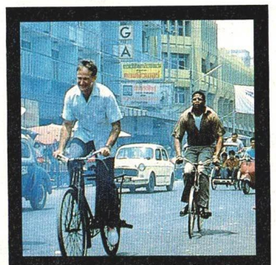
ALL HAIL ROCK'N'ROLL: Apparently we just can't get enough film bios of '50s rock greats. After the phenomenal (and somewhat unexpected) success of *La Bamba*, about the almost forgotten **Ritchie Valens**, and *Hail Hail Rock And Roll* (**Chuck Berry**) we learn that Hollywood's all set to roll with movies on **Little Richard** and **Jerry Lee Lewis** (to be called *Great Balls Of Fire*, natch!). Richard, who will serve as creative consultant on his, says **Eddie Murphy** will play him. In an inspired piece of casting, **Dennis** (*The Big Easy*) **Quaid** will play Jerry Lee. Now if they only dare tell it like it was!

●

REELING AND ROCKING: Quaid also stars with **Madonna** and **Jennifer** (*Dirty Dancing*) **Grey** in a Roaring '20s movie, *Bloodhounds Of Broadway*, the old **Damon Runyon** tale which previously starred **Mitzi Gaynor**. . . **Peter Gabriel** is doing the music for **Martin Scorsese**'s *The Passion*. . . **Simply Red**'s **Mick Hucknall** is working on a song for **Roman Polanski**'s new movie *Frantic*. He also hopes to host a cooking show on British TV aimed at showing low-income groups how to eat well. Listening to the words on his first album, it's not as off the wall as it sounds. . .

Empire Of The Sun, Steven Spielberg's first film as director since Color Purple, is a boy's experience in Japanese-occupied Shanghai up to the liberation by US forces.

NEWSBREAKS: RCA has begun releasing a series of rare and alternative **Elvis** reissues this year. Gradually we will be reminded of the once-in-a-lifetime talent the dead hand of **Colonel Parker** managed so cleverly to disguise. . . The new **Joni Mitchell** album has **Billy Idol, Willie Nelson, Peter Gabriel, Wendy** and **Lisa, Thomas Dolby** and sax great **Wayne Shorter** helping her out. . . **Prince**'s *Black Album* was held up by Warner Bros while they squeezed out one more single from *Sign O The Times*. You can't blame them. . . Look out for *Unforgettable Fire Past Present And Future:* "The definitive biography of U2". We can hardly wait. . . **Dave Clark** of the **Dave Clark Five**, who are obviously remembered more fondly in the States than here or in England, reportedly turned down four million dollars for a reunion tour of America. "You can't be a 19-year-old teenybopper all your life," he said. Too true, but how to resist that kind of carrot?



Barry Levinson's Good Morning Vietnam is a tour de force by Robin Williams as a manic DJ, with Forest Whitaker his trusty henchman, as ever in hot pursuit.

PHILOSOPHY FOR HEADBANGERS: Hordes of heavy metallurgists showed up late last year for a "Metal Marathon" at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City. For two days, selected panels discussed such heavy metal rock arcana as "Metal And Radio: Hell In Your Home," and "Image vs. Substance: Is It The Look Or The Lick?"

Keynote speaker **Dee Snyder** of **Twisted Sister** on how to overcome discouragement: "Masturbation. I found that when I felt my worst, just being alone for a few minutes and relieving that tension made the whole day easier. Sometimes two, three times a day, I'd just have to step into the bathroom, a subway, anything." He was kidding. . . we think.

Snyder again on how his group came to be one of the first speed metal bands: "It was anger, it was frustration, it was the desire to get the fuck out of there before I got my ass kicked for wearing lingerie."

Manowar bass player **Joey DeMaio** on heavy metal musicianship: "Most of these bands have no talent. They have no business owning instruments. It's like giving a murderer a gun."

Producer **Ric Browde** on rock aesthetics: "People who equate art with music are making a mistake. Rock'n'roll should be about Saturday night, making you want to go out, fuck, get laid, fuck some more, get drunk, maybe take some drugs, do all those things that your parents told you you weren't supposed to do. That's what rock'n'roll is. And anybody who does not make an album that makes your parents tell you to turn that shit off, they failed."

And finally **Lemmy Kilmister** of **Motorhead** on allegations that videos are sexist: "I want to know what's wrong with fuckin'. . . You think we don't like fuckin' anymore so we shouldn't have girls in our videos. I mean, girls should have boys in their videos, I don't mind. Both sides, go ahead. I love to fuck." They may disclaim art in their music but they've not lost the gentle art of conversation!

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies by graham barry

Batteries Not Included Spielberg becomes Walt Disney. Maudlin, embarrassing rubbish with spaceships out of *Bambi*. ¥

Broadcast News Inside a TV network, with ace producer Holly Hunter unable to decide about vacuous William Hurt. ¥¥¥

Couch Trip For Dan Aykroyd fans only. As a nut impersonating a shrink he's not up to *Dragnet* standard. ¥¥

Cry Freedom Visually brilliant, but Attenbore can't resist preaching about black African martyr Steve Biko. ¥¥

Dirty Dancing One of the more worthy teenage hits, with a sexy dance duo in Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey. ¥¥¥

Less Than Zero An apt title for more Brat Pack angst from twin wimps Andrew McCarthy and Robert Downey. Dire. ¥

Man From Snowy River 2 Not even Brian Dennehy and another downhill gallop redeem banal plot and wooden acting. ¥¥

Moonstruck Cher is adorable as spinsterish accountant who blossoms for her fiance's brother Nicolas Cage. ¥¥¥¥

Nuts Predictable plot expertly handled by Richard Dreyfuss as hooker Barbra Streisand's defender on murder rap. ¥¥¥

Overboard Real-life couple Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell give a nice feeling to an admittedly sentimental yarn. ¥¥¥

Someone To Watch Over Me Ridley (*Alien*) Scott hits his straps with romantic police thriller starring Tom Berenger. ¥¥¥¥

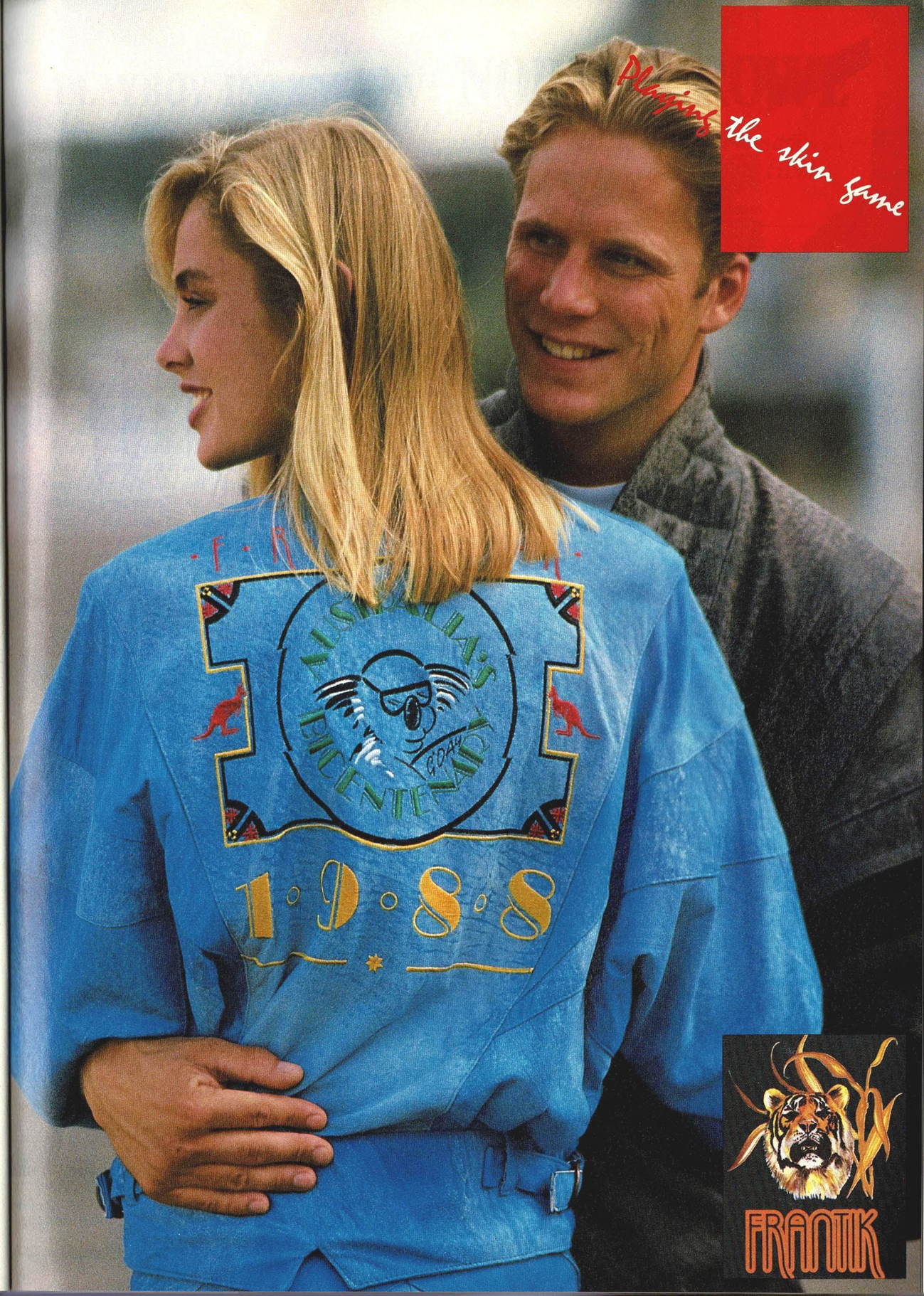
Stakeout Top American box-office and another hit for Richard Dreyfuss as cop who takes love where he finds it. ¥¥¥

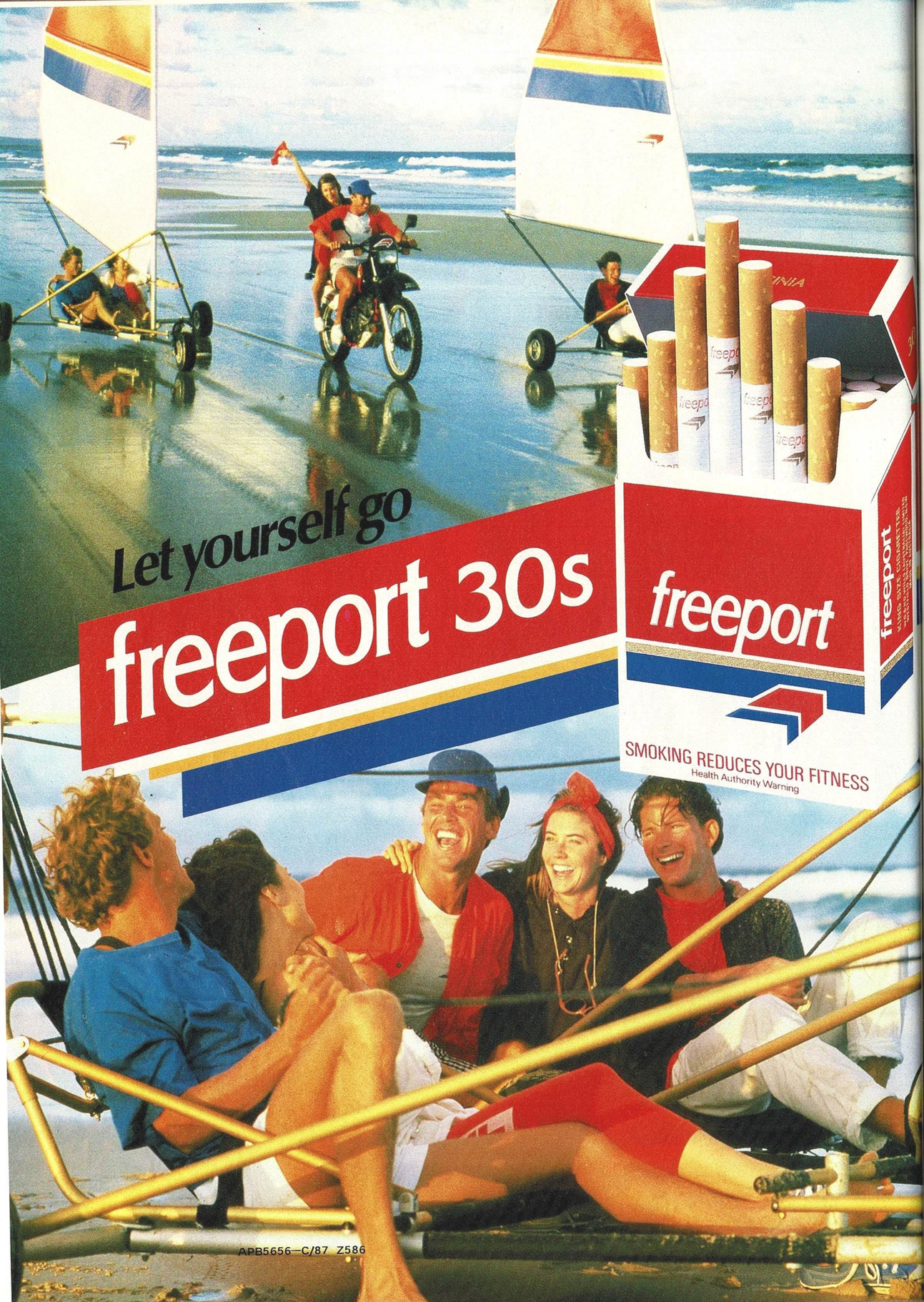
Suspect Feminist version of *Nuts* with Cher in more serious mode as overworked lawyer defending mute derro. ¥¥¥

The Principal John Belushi's more versatile kid brother Jim lifts this formula film out of the rut. ¥¥¥

Three Men And A Baby Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, Ted Danson, get landed with a baby — and fall in love. ¥¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it





PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: NORMIE ROWE

A candid conversation with Aussie rock's great survivor about Vietnam, carnal knowledge, his role in Les Miserables, and how the Welcome Home March beat them all.

When the one-time pop idol, Vietnam veteran and soapie star Normie Rowe last year landed the plum role of Jean Valjean, hero of the Sydney production of the hit musical Les Miserables, a leading theatre critic asked: "Normie Rowe as the noble hero of Les Miserables? They must be joking. . . Would you cast Groucho Marx as Hamlet, or Barry Humphries as Othello?"

The criticism may have been unfair but it was totally predictable. Rowe, now 41, was the hottest act in the country in 1965, with a string of hits and a legion of fans tearing him from the stage at every performance. However, his career waned when he took his band to London in the late '60s, then fizzled completely when he did two years of national service. Rowe kept a low profile through much of the 1970s, a troubled decade during which he lost a marriage and a young child.

In the 1980s he found new life as a cabaret performer, working venues around the country from a white-shoe brigade base on the Gold Coast, then later as Abigail's lover in the soapie Sons And Daughters. Rowe, by this time married again with two young children, was a financial success but hardly the darling of the critics, who had consigned him forever to the forgotten pastures of clubland and the soaps.

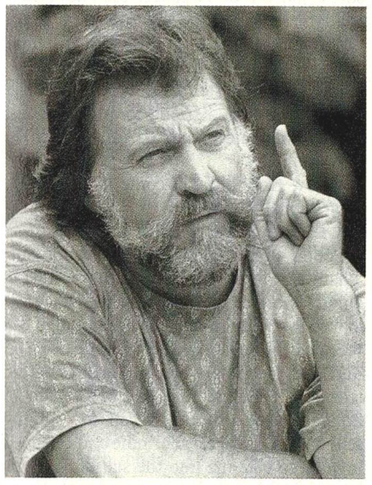
But Normie Rowe has never been frightened to go against the flow. When his generation were turning on and dropping out, he gave up the rock world to fight an unpopular war. When the general public stamped MOR on his forehead and refused to take him seriously, he sold his waterfront apartment and went back to school, studying acting at the Ensemble Theatre in Sydney. His debut as a serious actor three years ago in the Ensemble's production of Some Night In Julia Creek was described as "creditable". It was hardly an overwhelming vote of confidence but it was enough to make Rowe battle on despite financial hardship, even when he narrowly missed out on a major role in Cats.

His winning of the coveted lead in Les Miserables may have stunned the critics but Rowe felt he was entitled and then when the musical opened in Sydney last November the first-night crowd agreed with him. He was never a natural singer and he is not a natural actor, but the emotional force he brings to the role of Valjean is a stunning tour de force. In tandem with his re-emergence as a major Australian star has been his emotional homecoming from Vietnam. Rowe was one of the organisers of last year's moving Welcome Home March for 30,000 Australian vets, an event he ranks ahead of opening in Les Miserables as the most important in his life.

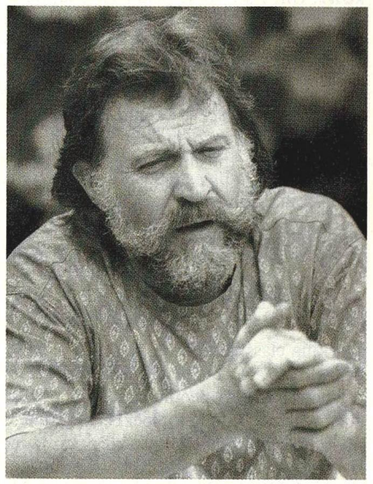
Rowe has now settled with his young family in a rambling cottage in suburban Sydney, where senior contributing editor ***Phil Jarratt*** *tracked him down for Australian Playboy. Says Jarratt: "The interview sessions were conducted over several midsummer days while Normie directed his brother and some army mates in the construction of an elaborate cubby house for his kids. It was the classic Australian backyard scene — kids, dogs, mates, barbies — except that our host had to drive into town at five to star in the musical of the age. The key to understanding Normie Rowe is that he cherishes those backyard moments just as much as he does the adulation on stage.*

"In many ways he is a throwback to a simpler age, when Australian men considered these things to be paramount in their lives: their country, their families and their mates. Normie lives for these things. He has a code of honor and a set of ethics that are unshakeable, but he is a very likeable moralist. Above all, he is a man who has seen the best and the worst of life and is filled with the joy of it all. When I told him I had cried in Les Miserables, he shook me

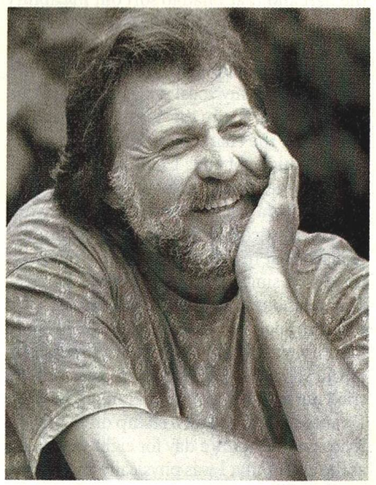
PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY NOLAN



"One of my responsibilities was to get the veterans to Sydney for the Welcome Home March. When we flooded the Domain with tears we'd all finally come home."



"One day the cops told me that some young girl had claimed I'd had sex with her. I signed a statement corroborating the girl's story. I was so naive."



"Trevor Nunn, director of Les Miserables, sent me a note that simply said, 'Jean Valjean is alive and well and living in Australia. He is you.' "

when he said: 'Yes, and isn't it great that we're Australian men and we can do that?' "

PLAYBOY: Trevor Nunn, the director of *Les Miserables,* had a rather enigmatic way of letting you know you'd won the part of Jean Valjean, didn't he?

ROWE: Yes, he sent me a note that simply said: "Jean Valjean is alive and well and living in Australia. He is you." Trevor spent almost 20 years as a director of the Royal Shakespeare Company. He tends to use a bit of flourish in his language.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to the news? Were you a little scared as well as elated?

ROWE: Well, I'd been through quite a lot that day. Right through the audition I'd drilled myself to prepare for rejection. I didn't want to go through what I'd been through with *Cats.* I got a letter saying I was second choice for the part of Rum Tum-Tugger. I'd worked my arse off to get that part, running 10 kilometres a day to get fit, aerobics, dance classes and continuing my acting lessons with the Ensemble Company. . .

PLAYBOY: Why was the *Cats* part so important to you?

ROWE: I figure that if you want something enough you go out and work for it. You do whatever you can. But none of this — missing out on *Cats* or landing *Les Miserables* — has been about money. That's one of the wonderful things about my marriage to Joanne. There's no financial pressure on me. A status symbol to her is a couple of happy kids.

PLAYBOY: Were you optimistic about getting the Valjean part?

ROWE: Well, originally I'd been interested in the part of the innkeeper, but at the first audition for Valjean I realised that I wanted the part and that I had to sort out my ability to play it. About 100 people were after it and they were looking for some very special qualities. But they were also quite happy to adjust the role to suit my vocal range, provided that I was giving them the kind of emotional depth that the character needs. That wasn't good enough for me. I had to know that I could cut it. I had to know that I could do eight shows a week at least as well as anyone else in the world. At the first audition I realised that my voice couldn't do that, so I went to a singing teacher. I never had any doubts about my ability to act the part. I'd read the book very precisely and felt I could identify with it. I'd never seen a production of the show but I'd listened to the songs. I tried not to listen too much though, because I wanted to put my own stamp on them. We rehearsed 12 hours a day for eight weeks and at the end of that I was physically and vocally stuffed. When we opened my performance wasn't at all where I wanted it to be. After two weeks I was right. I'm getting all the high notes now and I've done something I've never done before in my life, I performed right through a heavy head cold. Now I've always believed that if I can sing anyone can sing. Everything about my singing I've learnt.

PLAYBOY: There was a lot of criticism of the producers' choice of you. How did that sort of thing affect you?

ROWE: Hayes Gordon taught me the difference between subjectivity and objectivity and totally subjective views don't worry me any more. Harry Kippax of the *Sydney Morning Herald* wrote that there were no memorable songs in *Les Miserables.* He must have had cotton wool in his ears. [*Theatre critic*] Maria Prerauer had never seen me work when she criticised the producers' choice of me for the role. I mean you just can't let that sort of thing upset you. I bear no grudges, although a lot of other people were very annoyed.

PLAYBOY: None of it gets under your skin?

ROWE: It depends what sort of emotional state I'm in. When we opened, the crits came out and there were two that weren't sensationally positive. They were only slightly sensationally positive. I was suicidal!

PLAYBOY: In the three hours of *Les Miserables* we watch Valjean progress through life from being a rebellious young man to becoming a dignified, almost saintly old man. Okay, you're only 41, but do you sometimes feel that Valjean really is you?

Harry Kippax of the Sydney Morning Herald wrote that there were no memorable songs in Les Miserables. He must have had cotton wool in his ears.

ROWE: Oh, I see some parallels, I suppose. But I'm not at all sure that someone like Valjean could really exist. I think he is the character that Victor Hugo would love to have been. One of the things I see in Valjean is the way material prosperity comes to him but it runs a poor second to his desire to help people. There are some values there that I identify with. The opening night of *Les Miserables* was one of the most wonderful moments of my life, but it was like the moon trying to eclipse the sun in comparison to the Welcome Home March last year. That was the biggest thrill I'll ever know.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your childhood. Working class family?

ROWE: Yeah, Northcote in Melbourne. A lot of show business people came out of that area, strangely enough. Noel Ferrier went to my school, quite a bit earlier I might add. Bert Newton went to the Catholic school up the road, Johnny Chester grew up there. He was a hero of mine and still is.

PLAYBOY: You were a choirboy. Was your family deeply religious?

ROWE: No, not at all. That came out of the blue. I grew up in a family situation rather like the one my kids are growing up in. There was no religion in the organised sense. I became a choirboy because I wanted to sing. I was the youngest of three kids and I think my brother and sister took me to Sunday school, but I got quite wrapped up in the whole choirboy thing. My father would say, "Oh, Jesus Christ!" and I'd be telling him not to take the name of the Lord in vain.

PLAYBOY: How did that go down with the SP bookie?

ROWE: No, no, he wasn't a bookie, he was the nit-keeper.

PLAYBOY: What does a nit-keeper do?

ROWE: He's the cockatoo, the lookout for the cops. He used to be a penciller and a bagman too.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to you, were you a good choirboy?

ROWE: Well, I think one of the disasters of my childhood was the fact that I wasn't good enough to get into the St Paul's Cathedral choir. I wanted that badly and no one knew where this singing thing was coming from. Nobody in our family sang. In fact it's emerged only recently that my maternal great-grandfather, Horatio Valentine Roper, was an opera singer of some note in Cornwall and was later a sought-after concert act around the Victorian goldfields. But there were no singers in the family that we knew of. We were a very gregarious bunch, though. Mum and Dad never went anywhere without the kids and there was always a bit of a party going on. That was the way I grew up. Later on, when I had my band the Playboys, we'd come in off a tour, arriving at 7am after having driven all night from some country town, and there'd be 25 of us for breakfast. Eggs and bacon all round. It was never a problem for Mum and Dad.

PLAYBOY: Choirboy, loving family. . . weren't you ever a young thug?

ROWE: There was a bit of peer group pressure to join one of the gangs. You know, there were the Preston boys, the Fitzroy boys. the Collingwood boys, but I missed out on most of that because by the time I was 13 I was performing at Preston Town Hall. As a singer you were sort of a friend to all the gangs. Singers were never picked on. It was the unwritten law.

PLAYBOY: How did you come to be singing professionally at 13?

ROWE: Three weeks in a row I didn't turn up for choir practice and they threw me out. That was it for me and church. I was having guitar lessons at the time and I suppose I just looked for other outlets. The first thing I did was a radio show called *The Happy Gang* on 3DB. Very popular show in the days before television. On the first day of the school holidays they put out a call for singing schoolboys. I was eight or nine and I begged my dad to take me into the station. Finally he did and I ended up singing with Ernie Sigley. We did Paul Anka's *I Love You Baby.* Ernie was a big star at that stage. From there I wanted to get on to *Swallows Juniors,* which was the equivalent of *Young Talent Time.* They said the voice was okay but I needed to be doing something with my hands. It was either dancing or playing the guitar and my Dad wasn't real keen on me taking dancing lessons, so I kept up with the guitar.

PLAYBOY: Overall, what did your father think of your show business aspirations?

ROWE: Oh, it was all right for a pastime but I'd have to get a real job as well. They'd both been through the Depression and the Second World War and they had a working class attitude to life, I suppose. In much the same way as I would insist on my kids doing the HSC so they get a start in life, my parents had this thing about me having a trade. I ended up with the PMG [*forerunner of Australia Post and Telecom*].

PLAYBOY: Let's not get you into the workforce yet. How were you "discovered" at 13?

ROWE: Every year at the Lou Toppano Music School, where I learnt guitar, they'd have a concert during the Moomba Festival. One year we did the concert on the back of a truck and Stan Rofe, who was a well-known disc jockey, was the guest compere. I sang my little number with the band and Stan came and had a chat later on. He asked me if I had any aspirations towards becoming a singer. I had no idea what an aspiration was, so I pretended I couldn't hear him above the band. Anyway, he told me to phone him at his radio station during the week. I plucked up the guts to call him and he asked me to come into the station and he put me on the air. I met my hero Johnny Chester that night and got a terrible case of the giggles, but what came of it was Stan invited me to sing at Preston Town Hall. This was a big, rough, rock dance that my parents wouldn't normally let me go to, so this was a great opportunity. It was fantastic. Stan picked me up in his brand new car and took me along and I met the Chessmen, Marcie Jones and the Thunderbirds. This was big stuff. It was Johnny Chester's last night at Preston so I went on with the Thunderbirds and did a sort of a tribute to Chester. I sang all his hits, which was most of my repertoire anyway. I did *California Sun, Hokey Pokey* and, of course, *Shakin' All Over.* Chester's version of that song is still, to my mind, the best version ever recorded.

PLAYBOY: Were you a hit?

ROWE: Yeah, it went over very well. Here was the young kid playing the old guy's songs. In fact Chester was about four or five years older than me. I was asked to work there regularly, and at other dances run by the same people, There'd be a couple of resident bands at each dance and you'd work out sets with each of them. I had to learn two new songs a week.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good student?

ROWE: No. I left school at the end of fourth form, having passed four subjects out of 10. I loathed high school. I didn't like the way they tried to teach me and didn't seem to fit in. But I wasn't a young rebel or anything like that.

PLAYBOY: What was your rocker uniform?

ROWE: Pegged pants, ripple-soled shoes, and iridescent socks.

PLAYBOY: Were you a local hero?

ROWE: Not really. The kids came along to Preston to dance, not to listen to me sing. I wanted to be a hero, always did. In fact one of the reasons I volunteered for Vietnam was to prove to myself that I wasn't a coward, which was probably the reverse side of the same thing. Anyway, back then I used to get a bit miffed with blokes like Colin Cook, who really was a hero. You know, he was a gorgeous-looking feller with blue eyes, and he could sing all the Orbison and Presley numbers and the girls would just stop and listen.

PLAYBOY: When did you start to get your share of the adulation?

ROWE: Well, I think the turning point was probably a concert at Festival Hall called *Sounds Of '64.* It was a charity thing to raise money for our team to the Special Olympics and the producers of *The Go Show* and *Teen Scene* were there and they signed a few people, including me, as regulars for their shows.

PLAYBOY: Your one-time manager, Nat Kipner, has since maintained that you were packaged and sold to a gullible and Beatle-dazed Australian public, and that stirring up a religious controversy was part of the plan. How do you respond to that?

ROWE: Kipner was producer for my first album when Pat Aulton, who had produced *It Ain't Necessarily So* and my other singles, was away on tour and unavailable. We already had the hits for the album and he mainly had to produce filler material, although one of those songs did become very successful, and that was *Shakin' All Over.* It's true that we worked together on publicity stunts. Anyone who was successful did. Johnny O'Keefe was the master at that. He was an enormously talented man but his talents weren't in singing.

PLAYBOY: At 17, with a hit record and a huge following, did you regard yourself as a charismatic young man?

ROWE: Wouldn't have known what a piece of charisma looked like. Basically charisma is bullshit. It's being able to bullshit better than someone else. I suppose I had a big head. It wasn't a matter of having a hit and throwing away my job and starting a new life. I'd already given away being a PMG technician. I worked out how much I could make doing that and how much I could make singing at dances and I was ahead on the singing. The Equity award rate was about four pounds a night and I'd work at least three dances a week. As a technician I was earning nine quid a week.

PLAYBOY: Were there other benefits of pop success?

ROWE: Well, as I said, I got a big head but I had my family to pull me back down. Also I was the youngest in the Playboys, and they'd pull me into line too. There were no drugs around then. Alcohol was the big thing and I didn't drink. In fact I didn't drink until I was in Vietnam. I was never a wowser about it, I just couldn't find a drink that gave me

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the euphoria that was worth the hangover. It's never worried me what other people have done. I don't care if you drink, smoke dope, shoot up or whatever. It's your life, just don't come around to my place and do it and get me in the shit. These days I like to have a drink from time to time, and sometimes I get really pissed. Since I started rehearsals for *Les Miserables* I've had enough drinks to count on one hand. That's the way it has to be because I can't afford the time for regeneration. I like to have control over things like that.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound like the public perception of you when you were Australia's top rock star might have been a little wide of the mark.

ROWE: Oh yeah. I was mobbed by girls all the time so they probably thought I had groupies hanging off me. The truth was I couldn't do anything like that because my girlfriend, Marcie Jones, was usually on tour with me. She might have been a little bit pissed off. Anyway, I've always been pretty much a one-girl guy. I enjoy the security of having one person who cares for and loves me.

PLAYBOY: During that period you were charged with carnal knowledge and later acquitted. What happened? Were you set up?

ROWE: Oh, I don't think I was purposely set up. When we played Sydney we used to stay in this bloody awful place up the Cross called the Grey Eagles, which was above where the Tabu is now. This was my first taste of real life and I gained a genuine insight into the lives of the working girls up there. Things have changed a lot now with the drugs, and I think that's a terrible shame. Anyway, I was very young and they were like mother hens. I learnt a hell of a lot about the straight, gay and weird sex scenes through just being there, although I was never involved in any of it. All this time I'd been going with Marcie. Anyway, one day the cops came to my room and told me that some young girl had claimed I'd had sex with her and they wanted to take me down to Central and ask me a few questions. During this questioning they threw my manager, Ivan Daymon, out of the room and told me that it was just a routine matter, that there'd been a complaint and that if I went along with it there'd be no problems. So I signed a statement corroborating the girl's story. And they took me downstairs, fingerprinted me and locked me up! I was so totally naive. I mean it took my legal people literally months to patch up what I'd done. They had to really nail the girl. She was a ward of the state who'd escaped from custody several times. They were able to produce her diary, in which she'd noted who'd been playing at all the discos she'd been to. She'd written about having sex with all these people. I'd never ever seen the girl and the whole thing got chucked out of court.

PLAYBOY: Did your career suffer before the acquittal?

ROWE: Not really. Ivan Daymon and my press guy, Graham Dent, looked after me really well and the press was very good about it. But I still went through a lot of personal anguish. I think that was when I first developed a capacity to deal with personal disasters.

PLAYBOY: Like so many Australian stars of the '60s, at the peak of your fame here you went to London. Was that the Holy Grail?

ROWE: Something like that. I went in October '66 and, to be honest, I didn't really want to go. I was happy in Australia, my ego was fulfilled with the fame I had here. But Ivan and the others wanted me to go and they kept telling me that the only way to stay in the business was to keep climbing the next mountain. Their reasoning was pretty good. It was that if you're big overseas then you're big here, and even if you're not that big you can be perceived as being big over there if you're clever. That's not always the case these days, of course. Look at Air Supply who are very big in the States and nothing here.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to start from scratch?

ROWE: Oh, I was promoted a bit but we played little venues like the Marquee Club. We did some good things though. We toured with Gene Pitney and I did some work with the Small Faces. And we made some good records and I think we would have done quite well eventually. We came home on a six-week tour to get some money together, I sent my call-up papers in and that was the end of it. I'm convinced that if we'd gone back to London big things would have happened. They certainly did for a lot of my peers. Olivia was there at the time, working with Pat Carroll, the Easybeats had a big hit with *Friday On My Mind* soon after, The Mixtures had *The Pushbike Song* which was big internationally, most of the Little River Band guys were there in various combinations and they were sowing the seeds for later success. My English friends at the time were people like Kiki Dee and Brian Auger, who also did very well. On two of the songs I recorded over there, *It's Not Easy* and *Ooh La La*, Jimmy Page played guitar and John Paul Jones bass. When we came back for that tour we were playing the best we ever played, and by this stage we were a very good band.

I thought I was going in the National Service ballot, and I wasn't. It's pissed me off ever since. I'll never take a politician at his word again.

PLAYBOY: So you were risking everything by registering for national service?

ROWE: Yes, I did so totally against the wishes of my management. I just felt I owed that much to this country. I'd seen class consciousness at work in England and, well, my father had never made more than the basic wage. The first car he owned I bought him, but we never wanted for anything. Australia is the kind of country where you can rise from that sort of situation. I felt that very strongly. I think I also suffered from the inverse of the tall poppy syndrome. I yearned to be accepted as normal. Just because I didn't have a nine-to-five job, I didn't want anyone to think I wasn't an average bloke. I figured if all the blokes my age were going in the ballot then it was good enough for me. I thought I was going in the ballot, and I wasn't. It's pissed me off ever since. I'll never take a politician at his word again.

PLAYBOY: Your grievance has always been that your birthdate didn't in fact come up in the ballot, that you were exploited for public relations purposes. Has anyone in authority ever confirmed this?

ROWE: No. Through the Freedom Of Information Act I've been able to confirm that my birthdate was never drawn out of the barrel, and I've since met others with that birthdate who weren't called up. You can only assume that it was considered politically expedient by the government of the day to have me in. The Department Of Labor And National Service had been copping a lot of flak over the system and how it was affecting people's lives and I'd made it very clear on several occasions that if I was called up I'd go. I've never regretted that decision either. My army mates are the best friends any man could ever have. If anything ever happens to me, I know they'll be on my doorstep within hours. Since Vietnam my best friends have always been the guys I served with. There is an immense strength in that bond. If it cost two years of my life to achieve that, then fuck it. It was worth it.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel a little like Elvis Presley?

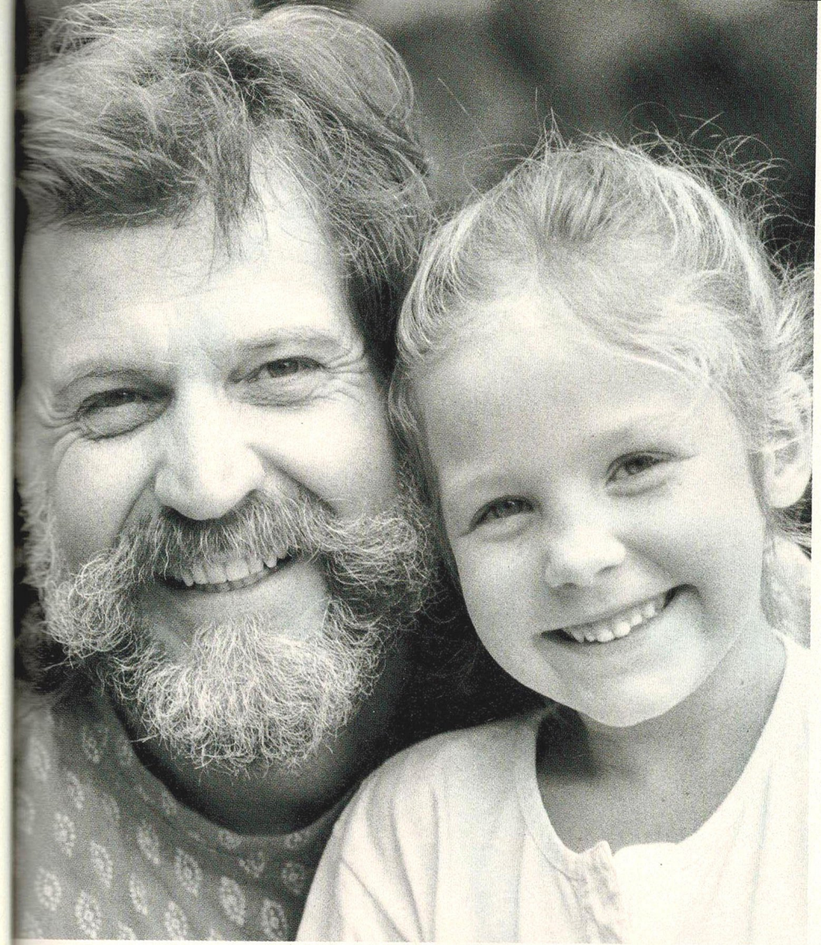
ROWE: Some people said that but I never saw the similarity. This was war. I was also fed up at that stage with some of the things I was being made to do in my career. I'd always seen it as a kind of adventure and I'd always believed that my high profile role would end sooner or later.

PLAYBOY: So it was consistent with this career death wish that you should volunteer for Vietnam?

ROWE: I couldn't see much point in being in the army for two years if you couldn't put your training to work.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have taken a very Boys' Own Adventure approach.

ROWE: Not really. There was a great deal of ambivalence in my attitude. I honestly believe that there was not one person who went to Vietnam who didn't want to go. Of course once they got there they might not have liked what they experienced, but you just can't have a viable fighting force with men who desperately don't want to be there. As I said before I felt I had a duty to serve this country if asked, but there was also another reason. My father was told he'd be locked up if he tried to enlist to fight in World War Two one more time. He was a foreman in a woollen mill which was classed as an essential industry making uniforms. Every Anzac Day when I was a kid the other kids would wear their father's medals and I had none. I was always very proud of my father and I knew he wanted to serve, but it just wasn't to be for him. My 12-year-old daughter asked me last Anzac Day if she could wear my medals and I was thrilled to the point of tears. That was my payback in a way.



"My daughter asked me last Anzac Day if she could wear my medals and I was thrilled to the point of tears."

PLAYBOY: What did you want to do in the army?

ROWE: I wanted to go to war and I didn't want to do any walking. [*laughs*] I was a good soldier and I was very happy in my armored personnel carrier. There was this burning wish to discover whether or not I was a coward. I'm not.

PLAYBOY: When did you discover that? In combat?

ROWE: Well, that was quite a while coming, actually. There were numbing sensations of danger all the time.

PLAYBOY: How did the other men react to you?

ROWE: By the time I got to Vietnam I'd had almost a year of army life and there were no problems. The big changes were when I first went in. Even then there was only one incident that I remember. I'd do anything that was expected of us but I wouldn't cop shit. We had a regimental drill instructor who came up to me and said: "You're a dickhead, Rowe. What are you?" You're supposed to say, "Dickhead, Corporal." I wouldn't play along with that. I'd say: "Recruit, Corporal." He'd get really pissed off and he'd have me down doing 50 push-ups, and this would go on for ages but I'd never say it. There was another guy who was a bombardier PT instructor. We had this fireman relay race. You had to carry your mate a hundred yards, then pick up another bloke. I was always in the middle of the rank with the smaller guys and he would invariably pair me off with the heaviest guy. I copped that but then one day he tripped me up while I was carrying this guy. That afternoon I went to see the platoon leader and told him I wanted to see the padre for personal reasons. Eventually I told him why and he said not to worry about it. I said, "I am worried about it. This guy is gonna go on doing this to me and to others. Let's pull the pin now and it's over with." I then told him that I intended to give the padre a letter to my family outlining what had happened and asking them to pass the information on to the press that I was being bastardised.

At last I started to get somewhere. He asked me what I wanted done and I told him I wanted a personal apology in front of the entire platoon. I got the apology the next day and the guy was taken away from our platoon. That was unfortunate but it wasn't the major part of my military experience. For most of it the discipline was itself well-disciplined. It made sense and it was necessary.

PLAYBOY: So when did you first see action?

ROWE: Our corps was involved in some real fights but they were few and far between. We never seemed to be involved in skirmishes. More often we would have a mine incident. You couldn't see the enemy but a vehicle would hit a mine and three or four people might be killed. We were essentially a support unit for infantry. Those guys were in skirmishes all the time and we won every single fight. The one I got involved in was fairly minor in the context of the war, but for me it was fairly major. Things were flying around and there was a lot of luck in the air. I guess I just wasn't meant to get killed. My guns both jammed, which was extremely unusual. I bent over to fix them and a rocket-propelled grenade flew straight past me and exploded in the tree behind. The turret hatch was up, protecting me from behind, and on the back of that was my flak jacket. It had taken the full force of the shrapnel. I came out without a scratch. Another time I was leading the troop up a fire trail which was the only way into where we had to lay a bridge. I said to my driver, I know there is a mine there. I didn't want to put our engineers down so I took a gamble and got everybody up on top of the vehicles and we started to go across this area diagonally. I went across, my sergeant went across, we followed each other's pad tracks. Then the troop leader went across and hit a mine. A lot of them were on a ratchet switch because they knew the troop leader would be the fifth or sixth vehicle in the convoy.

We lost 500 men in Vietnam which was 500 too many, but it would have been a lot more if we'd been trained like the Americans. I think our lives meant more to our leaders than was the case with the Americans.

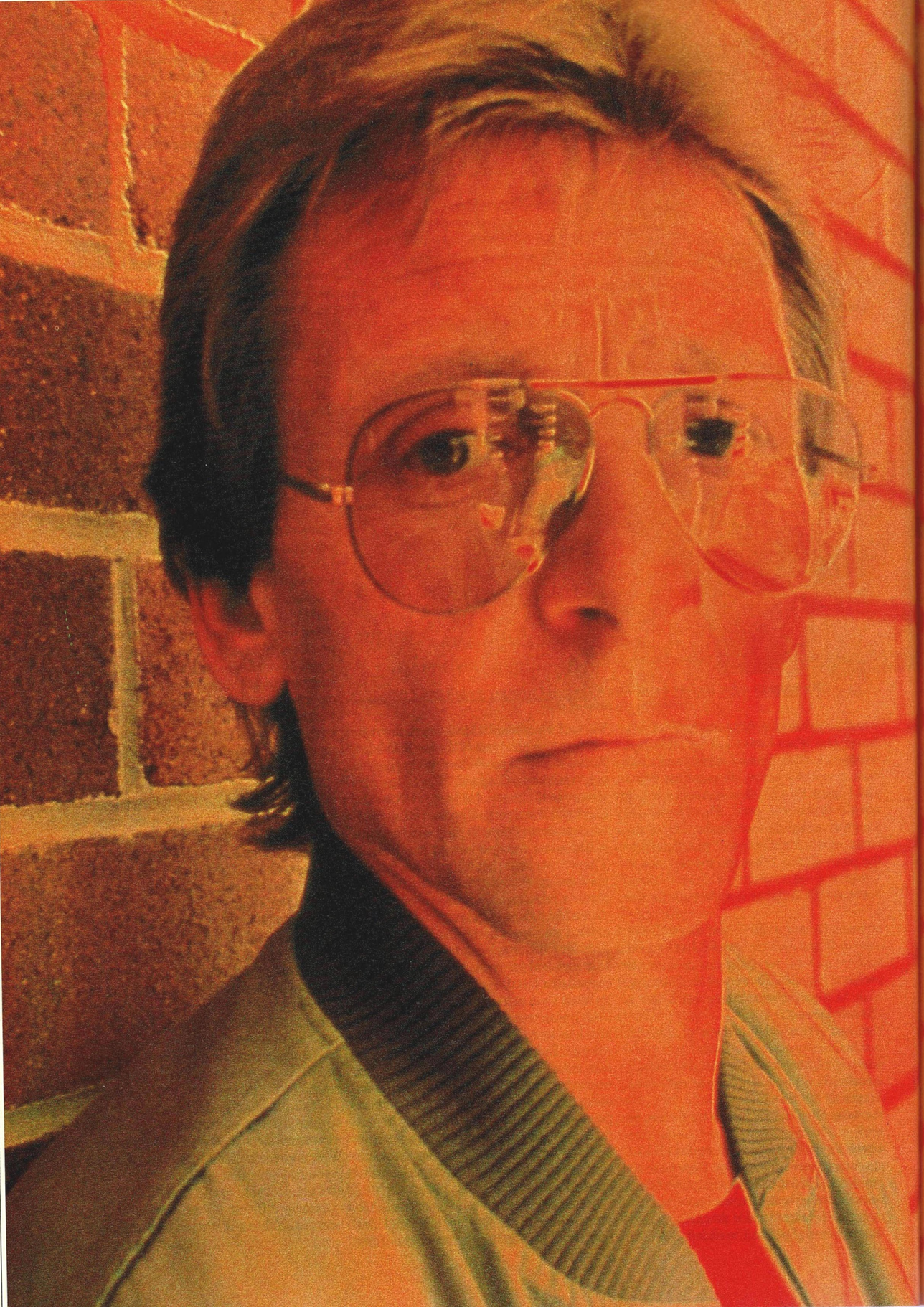
PLAYBOY: Did you lose many close friends?

ROWE: I lost three. It was only last year that I started to realise why it didn't kick me around emotionally as much as it should have. For 19 years I felt guilty about it. The Welcome Home March gave me the feeling of, well, it's over now, as it did for 30,000 Vietnam Veterans. Over there you always felt that you would die for your mates if you had to and that they would for you, but there was also this wartime insulation against grief when somebody did cop it. What we needed and never got when we came home was an emotional debriefing to allow us those tears. That all came out in the March.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you were somewhat ambivalent about the war in Vietnam. With the benefit of hindsight, would you go if you had your time over?

ROWE: I probably would have, but. . . it's extremely difficult for me to answer that because I did go and it changed me. I told a

(continued on page 113)



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROB WALLS/RAPPORT

A TIME TO KILL

"AUSTRALIA'S CHARLES MANSON" WRITES A GRIM ACCOUNT OF WHY HE EMBARKED ON A KILLING SPREE.

ON A QUIET Sydney Sunday morning in 1973 a baby-faced crim named Archie McCafferty woke to discover that his six-week old baby, Craig, had been accidentally suffocated by its mother. This unfortunate death by misadventure turned McCafferty into a very dangerous man. His urge to avenge his son's death temporarily deranged him and "voices" told him he had to slay seven people. He didn't quite reach that figure, but in late August 1973 he exacted his terrible "revenge" on three totally innocent men. He led a group of people to his son's grave, and that visit triggered the deaths of three Sydney men who were unknown to McCafferty.

After his subsequent arrest on murder charges, the press likened McCafferty to American mass murderer Charles Manson and labelled the killings as "The Grave Yard Murders". Four members of the group were convicted and jailed, but have now been

released. Only Archie McCafferty, sentenced to three terms of life imprisonment, remains behind bars because a number of psychiatrists warned he should never be released.

Today, Archie McCafferty is a sorry, troubled man. He's not asking for forgiveness, and is the first to recognise the pain and anger he caused to the families of his victims. He is now narrating his personal experiences to Channel 9's crime reporter, Steve Barrett, hoping to publish a book called *Shall Seven Die?* This is an extract from that manuscript. McCafferty gives a brutally honest, chilling and compelling description of how his victims were slain.

"I WOKE SUNDAY morning on the 18th of March 1973 around 9 o'clock and I saw my son's legs sticking out from underneath my wife's body. I sang out: "Janice, Janice!"

My quick reaction was to push her off the bed. The baby was blue and had blood all over his face. My heart sank, my body went weak with fear and panic, sheer terrifying panic.

I remembered that we didn't have our car, so I had to go to the man next door and, in my panic, asked him to drive me up to the hospital. But the baby, my son, couldn't be saved, my son was dead. What a shattering and mind-destroying shock this was to me.

At the time of my son's death, I blamed my wife. From the time of his death I thought there was a conspiracy against me and believed all my in-laws were trying to get me out of their family. I was never to be the same for a lot of years to come.

At one period I was hearing my son talk to me after his death and I was feeling more hatred growing within me, wanting so much to punish my wife, my mother-in-law, and her brother. So warped was my mind, I wanted to kill all of them for my son.

You see, when my son died and was gone from my life I couldn't stay with my wife and have anything to do with her family. Through my paranoia, I was starting to slip from reality, to somewhere I had never been before, a place I never ever want to go to, ever again in my lifetime. I hope that no person will go through the same nightmare as me or mine.

After my son's funeral, I got drunk and tried to strangle my wife. She was saved by her brother who happened to be there when somehow we ended up out on the street. My memory of that night is very blurry and I can't fully remember what happened as I was too drunk to fully comprehend what was happening to me.

I was in a sorry state. Somehow I got to a phone box and rang my mother in total desperation and she told me to come home. When I arrived at her house, she was horrified to see the state that I was in. We had a lot of conversation and in the end she talked me into going to a Psychiatric Centre where I signed myself in as a voluntary patient. That is what I believed at the time was right and also my mother thought so too.

I was only there for a short time and received only minimal treatment from the doctors. During my stay there I had several talks with them and told them of my tormented and twisted brain and everything that was going on in my head at the time.

They seemed to listen to my pleas for help, but to my surprise and also my mother and father's horror, they released me from the hospital and set me loose on the world. I mean, here's a guy who thinks he's not playing with a full deck in his head and these professional people, supposedly trained in understanding sick minds, release this time-bomb into an unsuspecting society. What a terribly irresponsible act! They have a lot to answer for.

While I was in the hospital, I met two girls, Carol Howes and Julie Todd. Carol,25, was in there for trying to take her own life by overdosing on pills. Julie,16, was in there for many reasons and all of them were pretty mixed up, like she was herself. We formed a friendship with each other and it developed into a love triangle between us. We were three crazy, mixed-up minds. We had a house at a place called Undercliff.

●

What I am about to tell you is not a figment of my imagination but a reality that took place, involving myself and Julie Todd, Dick Webster, Rick Whittington and Mick Meredith.

I do not remember where or when I met Dick, 17, or Mick, 18. They were two young people who were into whatever was going at the time. Mick was a skinny little guy and looked as though he would harm no one. Dick was the taller of the two and the leader. The other member of the group, Rick,17, whom I met through my brother, I kept around (purely because) he had a car.

Upon my release from the hospital I went into a, or should I say, my world of fantasy, my underwater garden. . . I created a gang of underwater creatures. . . I was "Frogastaire". This character could come and go as he pleased in water or out of it. I liked to be free and easy and to do what I wanted so my underwater garden was my own kingdom. I was the ruler in that world and if anyone didn't obey my ruling there, they were out or they would be changed into something they didn't want to be.

Julie I named Olive Oyster because she was in her own shell and sometimes even her own world. Carol I named Shelly Shark because of her skin, sort of blotchy and speckled. Rick I named Mervin Mussell: to me he just looked like a Mervin.

This was my safe place, my place of peace away from all the rat-race in this world.

Drugs were a big part of my life: heroin, speed, trips and the killer of them all, angel dust. These and any other kinds of drugs were cool, whatever I could escape this world with.

My life was without meaning at the loss of my son. I wanted to die but was afraid to take my own life for real. I made feeble attempts with booze and drugs and each time I failed and had to face yet another day of pure misery. My brain seemed to be overloading from day to day and everything seemed to get the better of me.

A night of unpredictable, total unreality was about to begin. Three innocent victims were about to die, three unsuspecting people who until they met the Underwater Garden Gang hadn't a care in the whole wide world. These three people were to pay the price on that night, with the most precious gift.

On the night of the murders my day was filled with torment, pain, grief and an empty, lonely, aching feeling for my dead son. I decided late that afternoon my in-laws and wife were to die and be punished for the death of my child. At the time I believed myself to be alright mentally.

As Mervin Mussell [*Rick*] was our only means of transport unless we stole a car, I got in touch with him during the day to make sure he was coming over. We all got into Rick's car that night to go to my son's grave-site. This was the first time I had had the nerve to go there since the funeral.

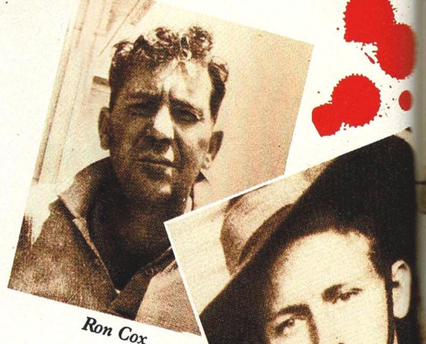
On the way there, the angel dust was playing havoc with my twisted brain. I saw my baby dead in bed under my wife. But I saw it all under dust, freaked out of this world.

By the time we got to the gravesite I was really wired up. I turned to Mick and Julie and said: "Go and get a car man, and we'll use it to do an armed robbery, eh?"

"Where we gonna get a car, Arch?" Dick or Mick said to me.

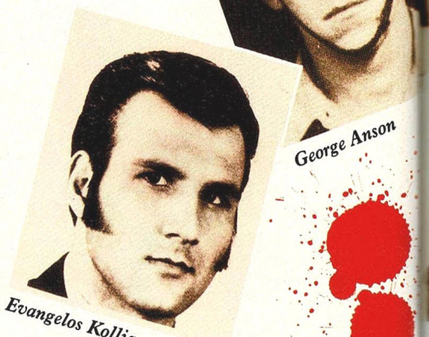
"Just go out and hitch a ride," I answered.

"I want to stay here with you lot," Julie said.

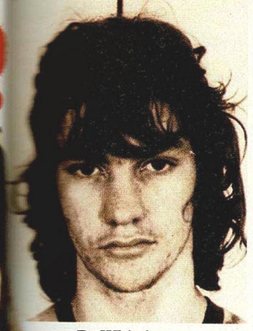


Ron Cox

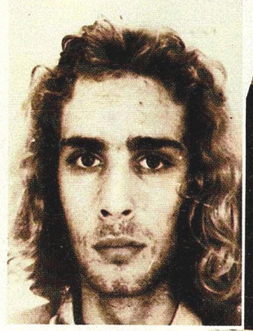
George Anson



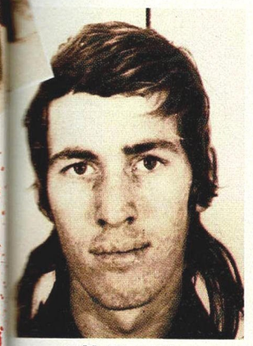
Evangelos Kollias



R. Whittington

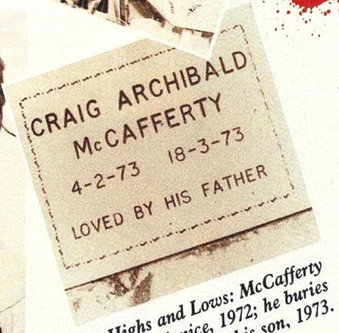


D. Webster



M. Meredith

Julie Todd



Highs and Lows: McCafferty marries Janice, 1972; he buries his son, 1973.

THE VICTIMS

THE GANG

Spaced-out time. . .

A light was bright over my son's grave. I saw something but couldn't make it out.

"Hang on there, what? I can hear you, son" I said as I walked over to the grave. I saw a guy and he said, "Dad."

I knew it was my son. Who else could it be?

"Is that you, Craig?" I asked.

"Yes, dad," my son answered back.

"Oh son, what's going on? You're dead!"

In between all this happening, wow, man! My son wasn't dead.

"Do you want me to come back to you, dad?"

"How are you going to do that, son?"

"You've got to do something for me, dad. Do you want me to come back and be with you?"

"Yes, what do I have to do, son? I'll do anything you want me to do, anything. . . anything!"

"Kill seven people, dad, and you'll have me back with you."

My son when he died was only six weeks old. But here he was now, all grown up. I couldn't work out what was going on here, man. It didn't really matter though, my son was coming back to me for keeps if I would kill seven people for him. . . No thoughts of right or wrong, just the thought of having my son back home with me.

●

I turned to Mick and said: "You and Julie go out and hitchhike, bring the car back here to me and bring the guy back in the car too."

A fair while later, a car pulled into the cemetery. It stopped.

"Archie, it's us and we've got a car and the guy here too."

I turned to my son's grave; it was quiet.

"Dad, I want to come with you."

I headed to the car.

A man I had never met nor laid eyes on was sitting in the passenger seat of the car, his car. (He was 42-year-old Ronald Cox, a miner from the Sydney suburb of Riverwood.)

"Don't hurt me, please don't kill me" the man said. "I've got seven kids. . . don't kill me. . . don't, please, don't kill me. I've got seven kids."

Seven. . . Seven. . . Seven. . . that number hit me like a key twisted into my brain. Something went wrong inside of me and all of a sudden I was all wound up.

"Mick, Dick — kill him," I said.

"What are you saying, Archie?"

"Kill him," I said. "My son is coming back now, man, do it. . . now!"

"Get out of the car," someone said to the man. He got out of the car and asked if he could have a cigarette.

"Sure, man," I said.

As he was puffing on the smoke, my son said: "Kill him, kill him now, dad."

The next second, two shots rang out. . . the man lay on the ground very still, silent. . . The night, that night of unreality. . . the bizarre night had begun: a night of not being in tune with this reality but off in some other dimension, maybe even another time, but one thing's for sure, this night was to change the lives of many innocent people. This night led to many unpredictable days and nights — I really don't even know if crazy is the word. . . I guess maybe I should leave that to you, the readers, to try and understand what went wrong in my mind that night.

I didn't want to kill this man but he kept saying he had seven kids. . .

"Don't kill me, I've got seven kids. . . "

My son told me to kill seven people. . . the key word was "Seven". When I heard the word seven, I thought my son would come back then and there. When it didn't work I knew he wanted me to kill seven, the whole seven people.

My son disappeared and panic flooded my body.

"Leave him. . . get in the cars and we'll dump his body on the way home," I said.

Total confusion was within me, mixed anxiety flooded through deep spaces within me. . . I was confused in what was happening. Did I really see and talk with my son?

Sure I did. No, no, no. . . maybe it was the angel dust doing all this to me? Maybe it didn't really happen?

"Darling, did all that just take place?" I asked.

"Yes. . . you sung out, 'My son's coming back. . . Mick, Dick, kill him.' What's going on with you, Arch?"

"I talked with my son at the grave. He told me to kill seven people and he would come back to me. He's there, at the grave. . . he can't come back fully till I kill seven or seven are dead. Let's go home. I must have done the right thing, it must be alright. . . my son said it was what I had to do for him to be able to come back, he didn't want to stay at the grave. No. . . I've got to get him back with me. It's alright because he wouldn't tell me to do something that was wrong. . . he was just a baby."

●

Going home, we hit the suburb of Canterbury. As we were going through this suburb, I turned to Rick, as he was driving the car, his car.

"Rick," I said, "there's a man over there, look. . . over there, man, stop."

Myself and Rick got out of the car and walked over to the man walking along the road. (He was 50-year-old George Anson, a paper seller of Canterbury.)

There were no thoughts going on in my brain as I walked over, no conversation between myself or Rick. I remember thinking about the man and I realised that he was drunk, as he was staggering everywhere on the footpath.

We walked over to the man and suddenly I had him around the throat and I remember him saying to me, "You young cunt."

Those words seemed to trigger some madness deep inside of me. My son's words filled every part of my brain: "Kill seven, kill seven, kill seven. . . "

All of a sudden the man was lying on the footpath. In my hand I was holding a knife, a semi-flick knife covered with blood; it was all over my hand also. (Anson had been stabbed seven times.)

What the fuck was happening here, man? I ran to the car and said: "Drive, you fucking idiot."

"Where to, man?" Rick said.

"Anywhere, man, home. . . somewhere to wash," I said.

We ended up at a place called Hartees, a

(continued on page 115)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXO

Vanity

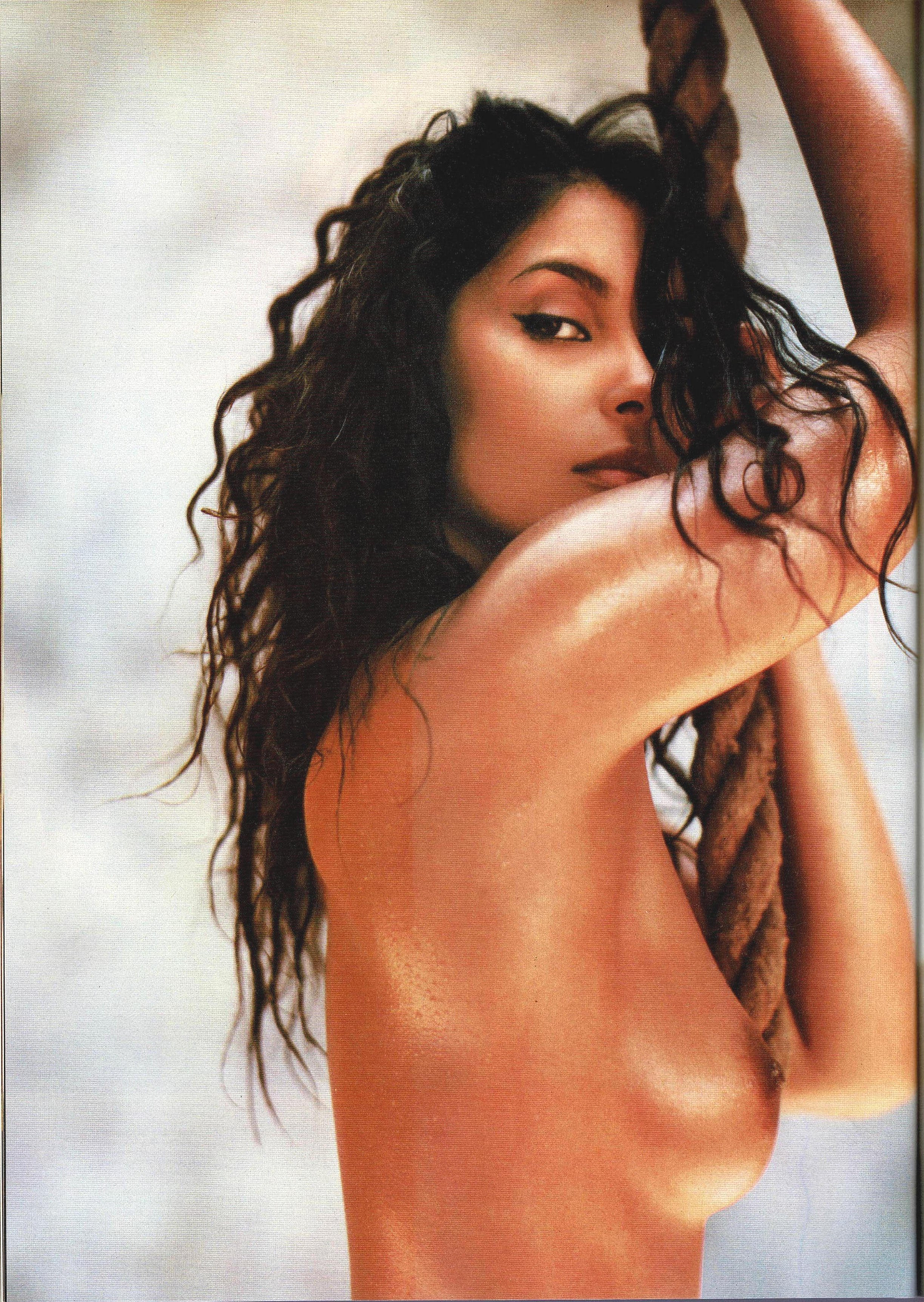
THIS SULTRY SINGER'S SET TO ROCK THE WORLD.

In the late '70s we predicted big things for an obscure Canadian model D. D. Winters. We were right — as alter ego Vanity she snagged a stint as Prince's paramour and as the sultry siren of Vanity 6, a trio whose album spawned the smash hit *Nasty Girl*. Then came two solo LPs and movies such as *52-Pickup* and *The Last Dragon*, in which she played a video jock with an eye for singles.

''People are always saying to me, 'Don't move around so much, just stand still,' '' she says. ''But I have a lot of energy.''

Vanity's new movie, *Action Jackson*, is a thriller co-starring Carl Weathers; she plays a coked-up *chanteuse* trying frantically to derail from the fast lane. ''It's the best role I've ever had — I get to be funny, cool, energetic. And I've got a lot

of that crazy personality in me already.'' The film boasts her rendition of a steamy song, *Undress Me*. It's not a request she usually has to make twice. ''I'd like to say, 'Hey, everybody, take your clothes off and relax.' I feel my most comfortable when I'm naked.'' So we see.



After falling for her at the American Music Awards, Prince dubbed her Vanity. ''He's said to me that we *were* each other in a former life, and I really believe that.''

We finally caught up with her in Rome, where she was hosting the TV variety show *Fantastico;* Vanity's nothing if not versatile. ''When I go away to act, my singing misses me; when I make an album, my acting misses me. I've just always been on stage. I think I'm a natural-born performer.'' When she's not under the lights, Vanity relaxes by painting ''surrealist'' canvasses, many of them brazenly erotic. She also intends to write her own film this year and, she says, there's another album in the works. Another movie? ''Definitely.'' You read it here first.

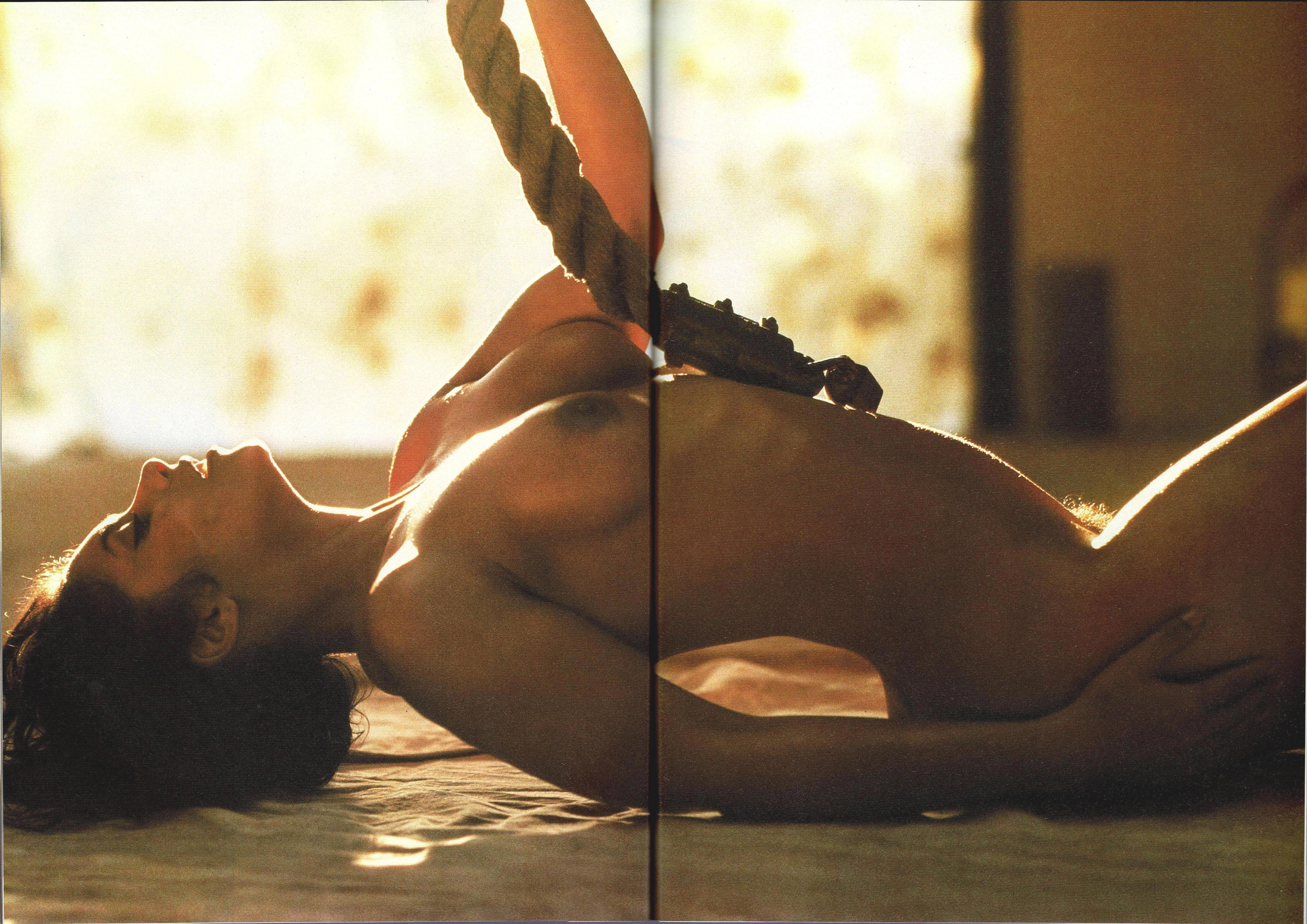


ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

It was the pyramid sales scam of the decade. And writer Arthur Povera was right in there losing his money, but keeping a diary of the madness.

THE CRASH *of the* GOLDEN AEROPLANE

The Golden Aeroplane Game swept the east coast of Australia in October '87. Since the mid-'60s Australia has seen at least half a dozen different manifestations of the now illegal pyramid phenomenon and most people inevitably lose out. This time there was no product, only cash. Tens of thousands of people were lured into the hysteria, hooked on the chance of making easy money. Estimated millions of dollars changed hands and today, many people are supposedly settling into new houses, or flying off to exotic lands on holidays, financed by their winnings. However, many more are just recovering from the shock, not only from the loss of money, but also from being involved at all.

What is it that brings pyramid selling back time after time to attract massive sums of money and flocks of hopeful desperates? The following article is a true story condensed from a diary kept during the writer's first-hand experience with the Golden Aeroplane Game.

IF ONE DAY you are faced with the opportunity to make eight thousand dollars from one thousand dollars in less than a working week, you may find that your spirit of adventure is indeed alive and well... or your nervous greed for a quick buck too hard to resist. I know I did.

I'm a young artist from Sydney's inner-west; the three years I spent scrimping and scraping through art school became the mere prelude to two more years of penniless post-college inertia. After being evicted five times from rented houses in as many years, I felt disinclined to introduce myself as an artist. So, after this

last least productive and unfocussed period of my life, and on the occasion of my eviction from my last stable address, I divorced myself from everything familiar and secluded myself in a run-down studio in Darlinghurst. Then I began to work, both for myself, and casually, for money.

Depression abated to an infrequent melancholy. The threads of an unfinished film project were coming back together and I had just over a thousand dollars in the bank. I was happy again, although there was a lot to be desired.

On one of those unpleasantly maudlin days, I found myself in the company of an old friend, lounging, drinking brandy and trying to get happy, when Paul arrived: exuberant, beaming and babbling about money. He had just been introduced to an underground money game.

"Yuppies are playing with the money they salvaged from the stock market," he gabbled. "You put a thousand dollars in and get eight grand back, it's wild, I've been there." Paul had already bought a "seat" and wanted us to go with him that night. Quite apart from the money, he thought we ought to witness the spectacle.

We didn't quite understand everything he said, but I knew that eight thousand dollars could change the course of my life. Intrigued, I rang Paul the next morning and found his enthusiasm undiminished. So that evening I met him and some other of his eager friends, and after a quick glance at the "rules" we packed ourselves, wallets and wonderlust into Paul's bomb and headed off to the North Shore.

Through that one-hour drive I tried to remain consistently sceptical, questioning my fellow travellers because I was very much in the dark about the machinations of this strange game. "If there are 15 people in a game," I asked, "and the pilot takes eight thousand, what happens to the other seven thousand?" My probing brought a scornful rebuke from big Deborah who was seated next to me. She was already "flying" and I was looking for the pin that might burst her bubble. She grabbed my pen and paper to show me how it worked but revealed only a breathtaking lack of knowledge.

All of my cynicism, however, hardly distracted them from salivating over their projected riches. The Christmas spirit seemed very early. Motor cars and real estate seemed to be the most popularly desired trophies, exotic holidays running a close third, followed by a myriad of little things that everyone seemed to need.

I was still hungry for knowledge and Deborah's standard reply, "It works, it works, just wait till you get there you'll see, don't worry," didn't satisfy.

Continued efforts revealed that Paul had jumped on to a "flight" on Saturday night by promising to bring the money on Sunday and he'd made that promise only 10 minutes after his first contact with the game. Half an hour after that, he and Deborah were "crew members". They offered me similar credit which I refused: I'd left my money in the bank, intentionally.

However, I did have a pen and paper. These helped me to demystify a few points... Seven people — one pilot, two co-pilots and four crew members — can start the game without any cash. Together they find the first eight passengers, who all pay a thousand dollars to the first pilot who then "takes off". The flight splits into two with the co-pilots becoming the new pilots etc, and both the flights have to find eight new passengers each. Terry, who was travelling with us, told me that ex-pilots were immediately buying new seats and flying again. So it was a pyramid game, but with the money only ever flowing back four steps; it amounted to giving your money away and hoping that it would come back. It could come back because the incentive was easy money.

Meanwhile, the company was still gloating and laughing with the exception of Helen, who had access to five thousand dollars which she and her boyfriend had saved. She nervously clutched her handbag in a corner of the back seat. Helen and her beau were

I've never seen so much cash in one place. "Flight charts" decorated one wall, "seats" were filling as people arrived, champagne flowed freely.

graphic designers about to buy their first second-hand sports car. "He'll kill me when he finds out", she half-whispered, revealing her *fait accompli*. He was safely away in Brisbane, working.

Terry was bragging, or joking, about buying a bus to transport people to and from aeroplane parties and I realised that, coming as I do from the non-financial section of the community, I couldn't think of anyone to introduce to the game. "Surely that's an important part of the rules," I said.

"Don't worry about that," they told me, "this game is dragging people out of the woodwork. We haven't used that rule at all!"

For the entire journey from the inner west to the upper north, I was unbelieving. Least of all could I believe that I could take all of my savings to a strange house and give them to a total stranger. To do that, and then to hope and pray that enough people would come along and do the same so that I would eventually leave with eight thousand dollars seemed like an absurdity of the first order. But there I was, in the company of others who were doing just that.

The street was already lined with parked cars, the hordes were descending and it really was wild. I've never seen so much cash in one place. "Flight charts" decorated one wall, "seats" were filling as people arrived, champagne flowed freely, flights "split", the hubbub was punctuated with screams of mad delight. Smiles, grins of unreal intensity, and here and there nervous doubting Thomases wringing their sweaty palms. People were using code names like Magic Babe, Ulysses, Batman, Black Mariah, Sunray, Winged Pharaoh, Savasti, and Fortitude.

Whenever a pilot flew out, the party would break into a frenzy. Rebirthers kissed accountants, mechanics danced circles with drama students, and middle-aged women yahooed incessantly. Every few minutes someone would ask me what flight I was on. I tried to stay aloof, watching wide-eyed as the unlikely collection of sub-cultures united under the same banner: MONEY...

The hostess hushed the room and begged us all to sit down and join hands. She thanked us for having the courage and faith to come along and then she delivered her testimonial.

She had flown out three times and tonight would be her fourth (the party cheered and applauded her as I calculated 32,000 delightful dollars).

She introduced young Robert with his bulging vinyl airlines bag over one shoulder. He had been the centre of much hysteria earlier, his mother having already played the game and given him a grand to play with. Now at only 19 years of age he had flown out too (big cheers again)!

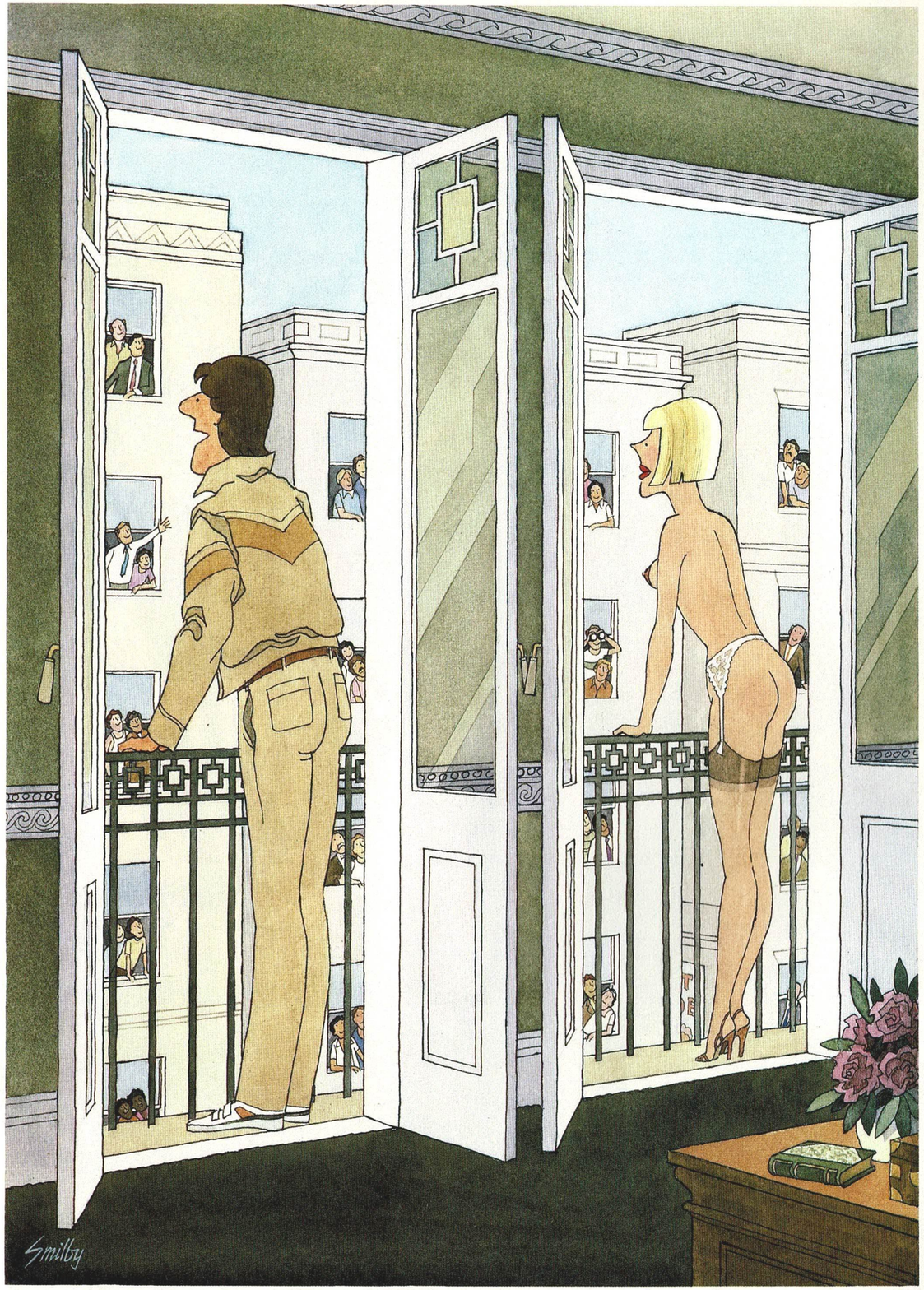
"Two nights ago," she went on, "I flew out for the second time and after that party, which was at my house, I took the household out to celebrate. We came home at two in the morning and found that the house had burnt down! It was destroyed. But I didn't care [*much laughter*], because I'm having the best time of my life [*more cheers*], it's beautiful! Here I am again tonight, no home, all I have to wear is this swimming costume [*even more cheers*] but I feel great! This game is why. It's not a game about greed or money, it's about love and faith, learning to give and opening your heart to receive...support....moving on after the stock-market crash...crumbling capitalism...alternative to starvation...abundance...creating, sharing...new-age economy...redistributing...so happy to see you all...beautiful energy...

"Now, if you're not holding the hand of the person beside you...touch that person and say I love you...relax...take six deep breaths...[*90 percent of the room was responding — so this was post-Rajneesh Australia*]...I invite the guides and angels of those present to watch over and care for us and see us safely through the night, for we are innocent children of the earth...now; be kind to one another and enjoy the abundance!"

I'd seen and been involved with similar sentiments before, but never in connection with gambling. The party resumed with more cash, more champagne and then announcements of flights moving to new locations for tomorrow night. Soon, the hundred or so people began to file out.

We had only been there for two hours and yet we were exhausted.

(continued on page 94)



"Hey — I wonder what all those fellas over there are looking at?"

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF AUSTRALIAN

Ever tried to drive a dragster? Craig Vetter did and found it was like working with your bum strapped to an A-bomb.

MAD, BAD SPEED

THE FLESH REMEMBERS. Long after the mind has put the fear away, some small, visceral trigger — like cinching a seat belt across your lap — can bring it all back: the murderous roaring, the smell of burning rubber, the nasty taste of the fireproof hood where it's bunched up into your mouth under your helmet, *(continued on page 108)*

John Cleese

How the Minister For Silly Walks became the patron saint of salesmen

MOST ACTORS SECRETLY yearn to play Hamlet. John Marwood Cleese, that lanky 49-year-old English comic who has convulsed the world with his silly walks and Basil Fawlty-style hotel-keeping, has chosen instead to be Willie Loman.

Loman, the tragic figure in Arthur Miller's classic play *Death Of A Salesman*, is the patron saint of salesmen. And how to be a better salesman (or manager, budgeter or telephonist) are some of the subjects Cleese has explored in his almost secret creative life — writing, producing and marketing what some say are the best training films in the world.

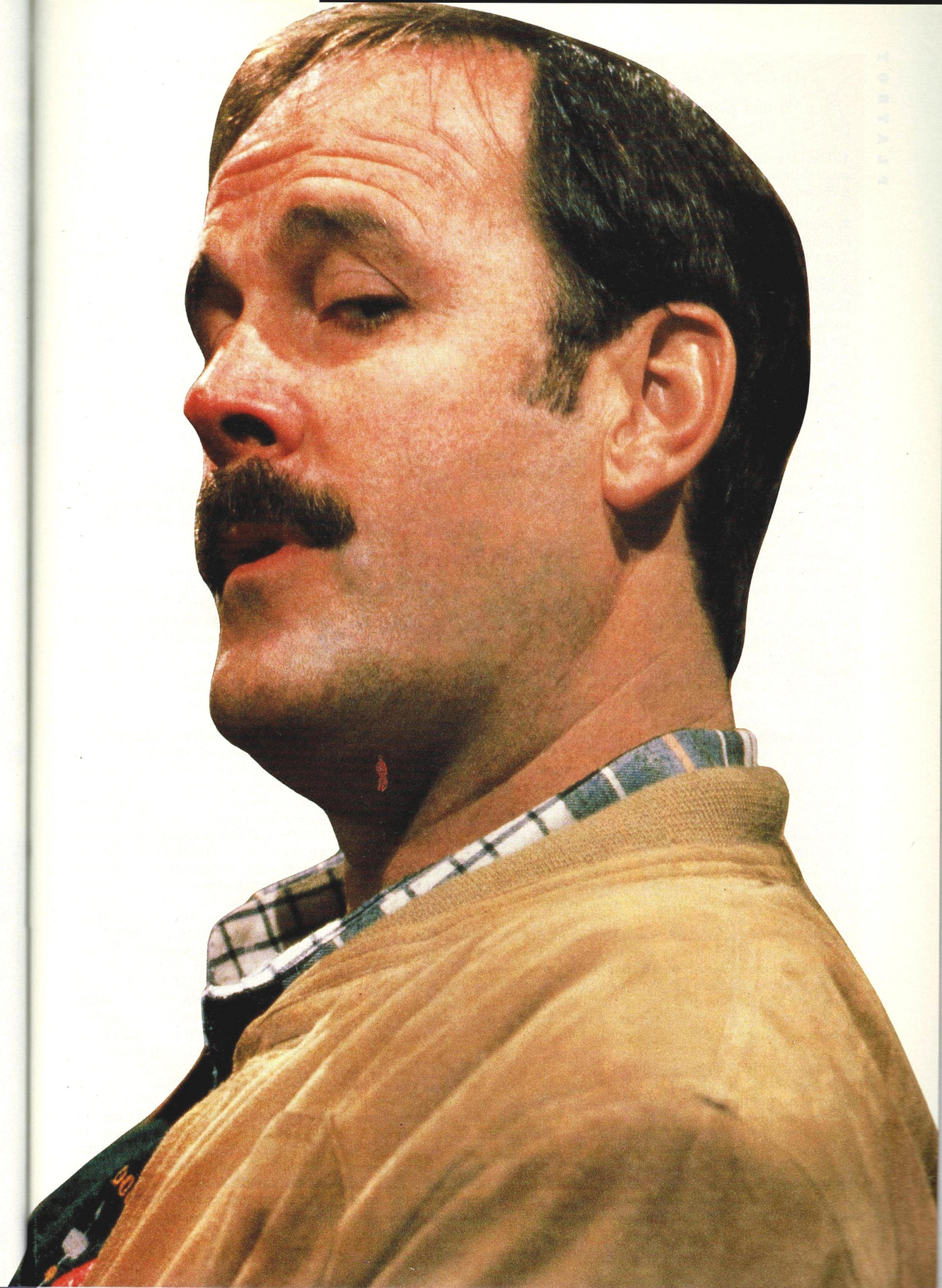
He continues to make successful feature films, the latest being a comedy with the improbable title of *A Fish Called Wanda*. Cleese plays a barrister who gets involved in a jewel heist, sharing billing with Jamie Lee Curtis, Kevin Kline and Cleese's *Monty Python* buddy, Michael Palin. But he is also involved in a bustling training film company called Video Arts Ltd, which rakes in more than $16 million in sales per year, and keeps Cleese busy both in front of the cameras and behind them, showing people how to work smarter and better, in an unforgettably humorous way.

Add to his workload an almost non-stop flow of TV commercials: he has fronted for Sony, twisted his lanky legs in silly walk-style for the Danish Shoe Council, sold English toffees, Norwegian mayonnaise, Australian fish fingers, Canadian peanut butter and pushed the card for American Express.

"I've always had a vulgar, commercial streak in me," Cleese admits, stroking his salt-and-pepper beard reflectively, "and I discovered that the scale of remuneration in advertising was quite insane. When I realised it was nuts, I decided to accept things as they were. I chose to get my foot in the door and began doing voice-overs."

While he was making his early move into commercial work, 15 years ago, Cleese was approached by Anthony Jay, a suave, polished, TV scriptwriter/pro-

Article by ***Arturo*** *and* ***Maureen Gonzalez***



Fawlty Facts And Assorted Pythonalia

Trivial gleanings from the life of Cleese, as selected by Monique Pasilow.

1. The TV series *Monty Python's Flying Circus,* which launched **John Cleese** to international fame, was nearly called *The Toad-Elevating Moment; Sex & Violence; A Horse, A Bucket, A Spoon;* and *Owl-Stretching Time.*

2. John Cleese is a favorite among financiers, but **Terry Gilliam** is presently the most financially successful Python. He's so rich he bought an old church bell-tower and stuck it on top of the gazebo at the bottom of his garden.

3. At the Cannes Film Festival the Pythons announced to the local paper that they (the Pythons) were going to win because they had bribed the jury. The paper subsequently carried a headline reading PYTHON BRIBES JURY. *The Meaning Of Life* actually did win the Jury Prize that year and in his acceptance speech, **Terry Jones** told the judges that the money was hidden in the third washroom along.

4. At last count Cleese and the five other Python members have participated in 21 films, nine TV series, 13 TV one-offs, four plays, an opera, released 10 LPs, published 22 books, and founded two magazines and two video companies.

5. The Monty Python team usually worked on sketches in twos, getting together later as a whole to discuss and refine the material. Cleese and **Graham Chapman** worked extremely well together and most sketches involving two people sitting at a desk arguing were written by them, eg the Architects skit, the Bookshop skit and the famous Dead Parrot skit.

6. Chapman was a homosexual who also had a drink problem. When he was on the road with the Python tours of the early '70s, Chapman would go off alone after the show in search of a partner. He helped found *Gay News* in 1969.

7. *Fawlty Towers* was the BBC's biggest export of 1977/78 with sales to 45 TV stations in 17 countries.

8. The real Torquay hotelier (on whom Basil Fawlty was based), **Terry Gilliam** describes as: "Unbelievable. The first day I arrived we were all having dinner. I'd just got off the train and was rather tired. We'd just finished and were all sitting there, but the table hadn't been cleared and dessert hadn't been offered. We were wondering what was going on. Eventually he walks in and looks at me and says, 'In our country, we signify that we have finished eating by placing the knife and fork so; then we will know, and your friends won't have to wait!' " During the next few days he managed to mistake **Eric Idle**'s bag of football gear for a bomb and also made it impossible for any of their group to get a drink from the hotel bar. Needless to say the Python crew moved out.

9. *Monty Python And The Holy Grail* was produced on a very tight budget. A total of £506 ($1250) was spent on hairdressers and £127 ($300) for power. Gilliam, acting as one of the two directors, was a genius at cutting corners. For a landscape shot he used a picture from a calendar with a candle held between camera and picture to create a heat haze. All of the castles were made of cardboard.

10. *Life Of Brian*'s original title was *Jesus Christ — Lust For Glory* and the Pythons ran into trouble trying to finance it. EMI agreed to a budget of $4 million which was later cancelled and so **Keith Moon** of **The Who**, a drinking buddy of Chapman's, tried and failed to raise the cash. Finally Eric Idle approached **George Harrison**, who he knew was a big fan of the Monty Python shows. Harrison found some money, formed the now very successful HandMade Pictures and, as a reward for his help, actually appeared in the movie as Mr Papadopoulis.

ducer who had worked with Cleese on the old *David Frost Show.* Jay wanted to make training films, pointing out that they sold, year after year, to company after company, and were the one sure way for TV performers to continue making money long after the videocams had stopped rolling.

"We put our savings together," Jay recalls in the firm's London offices today, "and made our first film for £4000 [*$10,000*], *Who Sold You This Then?* It's still being shown today. We've operated completely without debt and solely from cash-flow ever since then." Cleese has written, or starred in, more than three dozen of the films.

As Jay explains, "John Cleese gives us three great advantages. First, he is a brilliant writer. Second, he is a comic genius. And third, it is easy to get people to come and see him in a film."

Over those 15 years, Cleese's commercial sideline has matured into mainline. More than 60 best-selling films have been produced and they've picked up 144 prestigious awards. The firm employs 50 full-timers, mostly in marketing, and just about every comic figure in British show-business has, at one time or another, played a role or written a few lines for a Video Arts film or two.

Saks has purchased *If Looks Could Kill*, about customer relations, for all 43 of its stores. Two thousand Hilton Hotel managers have been trained by Video Arts, for, as Hilton's training director, Iain Hall, explains, "their humor works so very well. People can laugh, and they learn at the same time." More than 65,000 organisations, 26,000 British groups and 7000 American clients including 3M, GM and Sheraton line up to rent Video Arts films at fees of close to $200 per week. Small wonder the firm won the Queen's Award for exports in 1982.

Video Arts spreads globally each week, with dubbing taking place in languages as diverse as Portuguese and Cantonese. This is much more than just a matter of straight translation. As Jay says, "The very normal English phrase, 'He was my fag at Eton', takes on quite a different connotation when it's shown to an audience in the US!"

Cleese takes his role as a management trainer very seriously, reflecting his former career as a school teacher. "Why should such a zany, wacky weirdo as me do something as on-the-wall as management training films?" he asks with a smile. "It was because I wanted to do something useful. Today, I find I bump into businessmen who respect our films. That's gratifying.

"I always felt that if I appeared at the pearly gates and was asked, 'What are you?', and I replied, 'A comic', there would be quite a long pause. Now, I'll be able to add, 'But I made very useful training films'. "

The budget for a typical Video Arts film has climbed from that early £4000 to about £50,000 ($125,000) per episode. Cleese often sits down in front of the typewriter to do the original script. As the company's managing director Peter Robinson says, "John has the gift of being very funny while conveying a serious point. He spends a great deal of time making sure the script is absolutely clear."

What started out to be a series of purely British management tools has found customers on six continents. "We went to Boston to explain Video Arts," Cleese recalls, "and it was like a revivalist meeting, with management people getting up and saying, 'I will testify that these films really work.' "

Often Cleese plays a smugly pompous Basil Fawlty-type manager who thinks he has all the answers — which are inevitably wrong; for example, to a customer who has asked to buy a product: "Look, madam. You're the fourth person to ask for that item this morning. We don't stock it. There's no demand for it!"

In a recruiting training film, *Man Hunt,*

(continued on page 98)

"Imagine this stuff's street value back home on Pluto!"

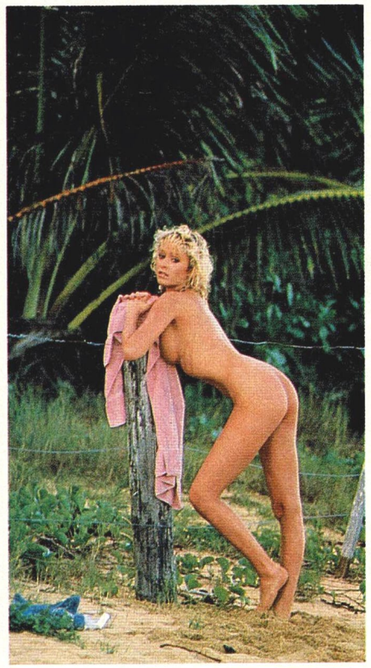
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

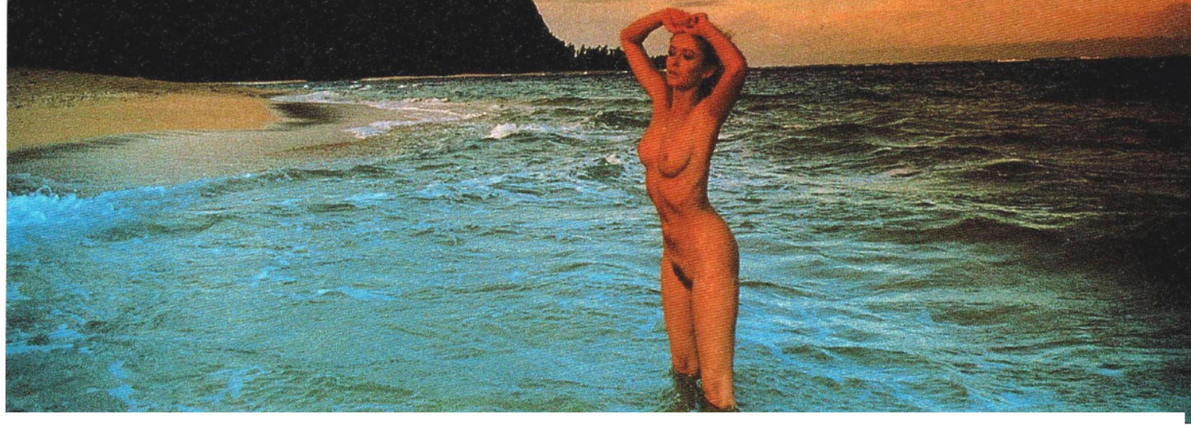
Our lovely Miss May, Tanja Fiedler, is fascinated by exotic landscapes

a Capricorn in the Tropics

The call of faraway places that seasoned travellers feel has also gripped our Miss May, Tanja Fiedler. Back in the boutique where she sells elegant summer fashions, Tanja dreams of sun, sea and sand, and the place she dreams of most lies in the Pacific.

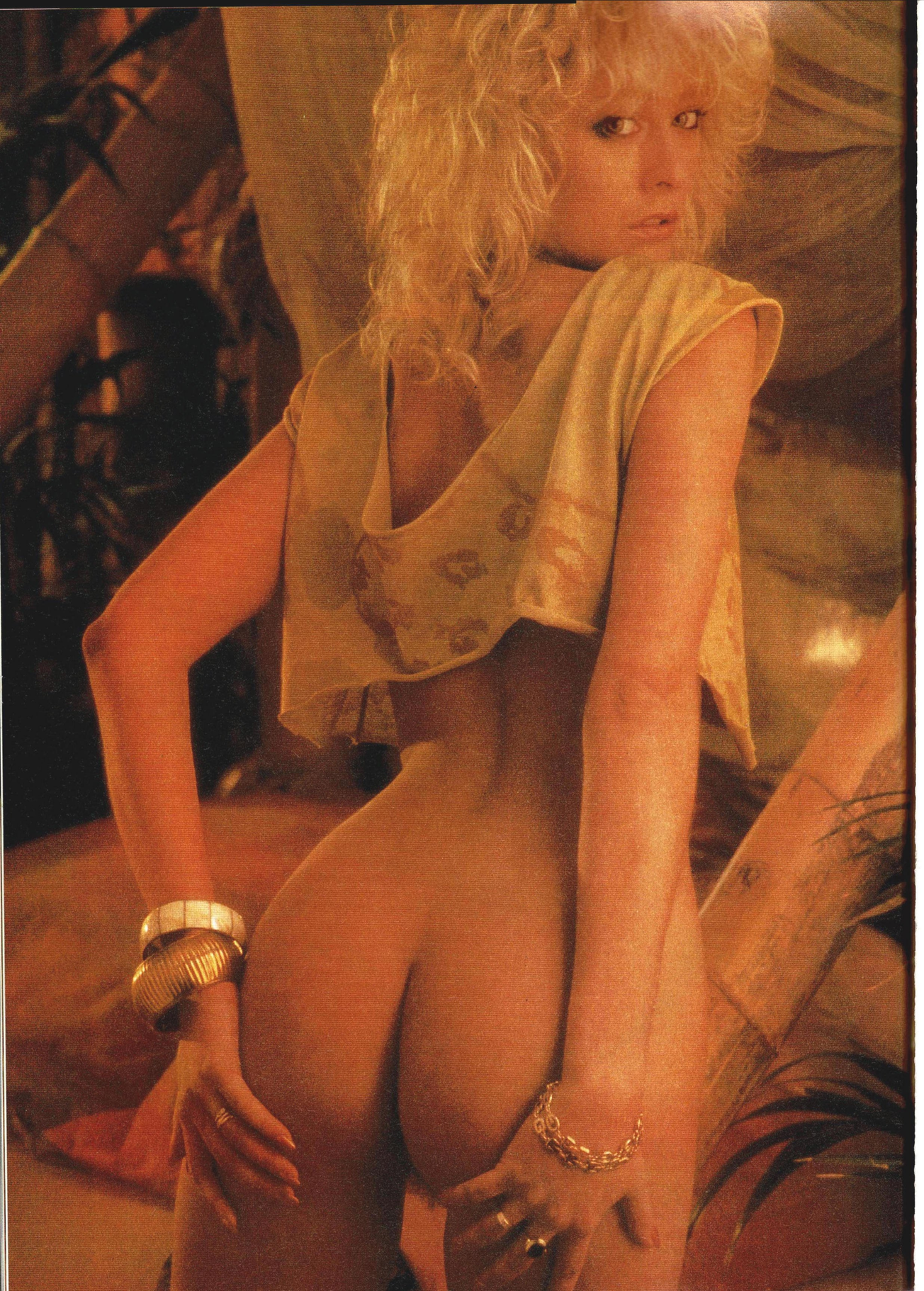
The feeling for life in the tropics especially pleases this 22-year-old Capricorn. "Things back home are often too hectic. It's the same with flirting. If I meet a nice boy I need to take some time to get to know him." And afterwards? "Well, for that you obviously need time, don't you?"





But Tanja is also striving for certain goals. "In spring term I'm going to language school. When I'm travelling I don't want to be understood simply by my body language." That's one area in which she's already perfect!

What does success mean to her? "I think it's very important. I want to be able to prove myself in as many situations as possible, in dealing with people and with problems that I have to master. I've taken my first real step towards it by coming to the city. That's already brought something — my pictures in Playboy. Isn't that success?" Quite right, Tanja!



NAME
Tanja Fiedler

BUST
88cm (35")

WAIST
57cm (22")

HIPS
87cm (35")

HEIGHT
168cm

BIRTH DATE
17/1/65

STAR SIGN
Capricorn

IDEAL MAN
His looks don't count. I just have to like him.

TURN-ONS
Living, being in specially nice company every day — and night.

TURN-OFFS
Pessimists, liars, being broke.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS
Eddie Murphy, Robert Redford, Stevie Wonder

FAVORITE PASTIMES
Jogging, gymnastics, and above all, doing nothing.

ROLE MODELS
I don't need any. I've always decided everything for myself.

WHY I BECAME A PLAYMATE
Sheer good luck!

GREATEST WISH
To drink beer again in Hawaii.

MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Tanya Fiedler

PARTY JOKES

The Scottish sergeant-major walked into the local pharmacy in full military dress. As the chemist approached, he pulled a torn and tattered piece of paper from his sporran and carefully unfolded it to reveal a perforated, used condom.

"How much for a new one?" the soldier asked.

"£1.50."

"How much to have this one repaired?"

"£1.10."

"I'll be back tomorrow," the sergeant-major said as he refolded the paper and carefully returned it to his sporran.

The next day, he walked back into the store, unfolded the paper and told the chemist, "The regiment would like this one repaired."

A very sheltered country girl returned to Tenterfield from her first trip to Brisbane and excitedly told her equally naive friend what she had learned there.

"Raelene, did you know that up North, men kiss other men. . . down *there*?"

"Struth!" Raelene gasped. "What do you call them?"

"You call them homosexuals. And did you know that there are women up there who kiss other women. . . down *there*?"

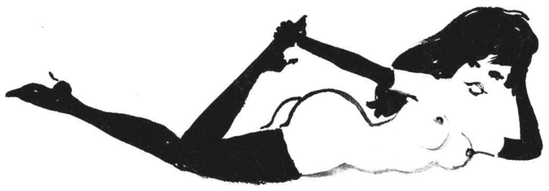
"Oh, geez! What do you call them?" Raelene asked.

"You call them lesbians. And they also have men who kiss women. . . down *there*."

"If that don't beat all. What in heaven's name do you call them?"

"Darl, you call them 'Honey.' "

How do you get a stockbroker out of a tree? Cut the rope.



A Russian had saved for years to buy a car. When he finally had enough money, he went to the auto window at the government building.

After counting out the bills, the official said, "Everything seems to be in order, but it will be a ten-year wait, comrade."

"That's fine," the applicant said, "but will it be delivered in the morning or in the afternoon?"

"What do you mean? It'll be ten years!"

"Yes, but I've got a plumber coming in the morning."

When they discovered there were no vacancies in the local Moslem nursing home, Muhammad al-Shazaam's children were forced to house him temporarily in the town's Catholic home. Six months later, a room opened up in the Moslem home and his children went to move him.

"I don't want to go," he said. "I like it here."

"What do you mean you like it here?"

"These Catholics are so optimistic. See that guy over there? He has no legs, but they call him Speedy. That one there has no teeth and they call him Smily. And me, I haven't had sex in years and they call me 'that fucking Arab'. "

An elderly woman approached the pearly gates and knocked. "Who is it?" Saint Peter asked.

"It is I," the woman answered.

"Jesus," Saint Peter muttered. "Another goddamned schoolteacher."

Shortly after returning to Moscow from his summit meeting with President Reagan, Mikhail Gorbachev was late for an important Central Committee meeting and asked his driver to speed up. The driver refused, explaining that he didn't want to exceed the speed limit. Furious, Gorbachev threw him into the back seat and got behind the wheel himself.

Several kilometres later, a police car spotted the speeding limo and pulled it over. "Let's see which of our beloved bureaucrats has broken the law," one officer said to the other, "and give him a ticket."

Within seconds, the policeman returned to the squad car. "I can't ticket him; he's too important."

"Who is he?" his partner asked.

"I don't know, comrade," the policeman replied, his eyes widening, "but Gorbachev is his chauffeur!"

Israeli prime minister Shamir invited the Pope to play golf. Since the Pope had no idea of how to play, he convened the college of cardinals to ask their advice. "Call Greg Norman," they suggested, "make him a cardinal and let him play in your place. Tell Shamir you're sick."

Honored by His Holiness's request, Norman agreed to represent him. When he returned from the match, the Pope asked him how he had done. "I came in second," Norman replied.

"You mean to tell me Shamir beat you?"

"No, Your Holiness. Rabbi Nicklaus did."

A posse of *federales* asked a farmer if he had seen Pancho Villa.

"A man on a big white horse came down this very road," the farmer said. "He drew his gun and told me to get off my burro. What could I do? He had a gun. I got off. He told me to eat burro shit. What could I do? He had a gun. I ate it.

"The man on the big white horse laughed so hard he dropped the gun," the farmer continued. "I picked up the gun and told the man on the big white horse to get down. What could he do? I had the gun. He got down. I told him to eat horse shit. What could he do? I had the gun. He ate it.

"And you ask me if I saw Pancho Villa?" the farmer said, shrugging. "Why, we had lunch together just the other day."

I'll tell ya, Jim," Wayne said to his friend, "the tractor business ain't doin' too well. I ain't sold one all week."

"You think you've got problems?" Jim replied. "The other day, I went out to milk Daisy, when she swatted me in the face with her tail. So I took some twine and tied it to the rafters. When I sat down again, she kicked me. So I tied her leg to the side of the stall. When I sat down again, she kicked me with her other hind leg. So I tied that leg to the other side of the stall. And I'll tell you what," he said with a sigh, "if you can convince my wife I was gonna *milk* that cow, I'll buy a tractor from you."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Wake up! Who's Shirley MacLaine?"

ILLUSTRATION BY MAREE WOOLLEY

Fiction by **GAIL NEVILLE**

PLAYING with FIRE

Want to dally in side-show alley? Tread carefully.

IT WAS SHOWTIME again — I could almost smell the fairy floss and fried onions. This year I was really looking forward to it. The show came in autumn — it was still hot, the nights were humid and we stayed out late on Friday to watch the leg shows.

Mum and Dad never let me near a leg show when I was a kid. Mum disapproved of the type of girl who'd get up there on the line-up and flash her thighs at the menfolk. "No decent girl from our town would do that," she said. Dad looked, and stopped to listen to the Spruiker. The patter was always the same, year after year.

"On my right, lads, take a look, take a long look at Lovely Lola, Lola the belly dancer imported all the way from Arabia. Lola doesn't speak English, lads, but she doesn't have to. She talks with her body. When she moves, she wobbles like a jelly on a plate."

A bored fat girl with stringy black hair and a tatty sequinned costume would

wriggle at the end of the line-up. "Look at that, lads, look at that," the Spruiker would continue in his gravelly, nicotine voice, "she makes the shirt on your back go up and down like a venetian blind."

I was never sure what that meant, but it always made Dad laugh and Mum look prim.

After the line-up was finished, a queue of men, some with their wives and girlfriends, would form at the ticket box, but we always moved on to the next tent show. If there was a country music show, we'd go in and endure a sweaty 20 minutes of listening to the nasal voices of the singers, the crackling of the loudspeakers and the occasional burst of swearing from behind the stage. The show folk fascinated me. They were rough, yet protective — they wouldn't allow any of us to see what was behind the make-up and the sweat. If you caught one of them swearing at a worker, or sharing a joke, he'd shut up, and turn away, or rudely ask you what you were sticky-beaking for. They'd come into Dad's shop and spend loads of money, looking as if they hadn't a couple of coppers to rub together. During the week, you'd see them at the pictures looking like lords and ladies in new clothes.

It got so I could hardly wait for the year to pass and for them to come back again. I left school, got a job in the local bank, and Mum and Dad confidently waited for me to bring home a nice boy and get married. There was a quiet confidence you don't see now — our town was a fortress protected by thick walls of morality and tradition. But beyond our tidy lives there was the wildness of the country in which this bastion was placed like a piece of well-tended lawn in the middle of a paddock. The showmen came from this wild country, they were part of it, and when they burst in on our lives every year they brought it with them.

At 18 I was really excited about the show. For the first time I wasn't going with my parents, but "with the crowd". That meant my best friend Joanne and her boyfriend Howard, Monica and Brad, and of course, Martin Gilmore. Martin and I had been going together about a year. He was the best looking boy in town, kind and thoughtful, a real gentleman. There was little doubt that he would propose and my parents made no secret of the fact that they hoped I would accept. But while I knew that I loved him I still felt that I needed a little more excitement than his gentle kisses could offer.

The showmen started arriving over the preceding weekend, as usual. The trucks and caravans were covered in dust. They had travelled 500km, a "short hop" through the bush. The wheels were thick with crusted mud because they had come through the wet, but the sun always shone for the show. I leaned out of my window late at night to watch the trucks go by, driven by unshaven men seemingly asleep but cognisant at the wheel, with their women beside them, laps filled with sleeping children.

I ate my lunch in Memory Park, overlooking the showground which spread out on the other side of the river, and watched the gradual transformation of the dusty paddock into a fairground. From where I sat I watched them erect the Big Wheel, the men moving through its growing steel tracery like spiders in their web. I watched the tent shows appear like houses of cards, a sort of collapse in reverse as they reared up from the ground or the backs of semi-trailers. I became so engrossed that I was always late back from lunch, and was reprimanded by the manager. But I only smiled at him, dreamily, as if he wasn't really there.

On Friday morning I dressed with care. We were spending the whole day at the show. I didn't want to end the evening looking dusty and bedraggled. I wore a cotton dress with a big skirt and several layers of frothy petticoat underneath. They bounced around my legs like the fringes on a lampshade. I had good legs, better than any of the girls I had seen on the line-up boards. I brushed my hair into a pony-tail, and put on make-up. Then I slipped out before Mum could see me and insist I take it all off.

We swept through the showground gates like royalty and tumbled out, leaving Martin to park the car. The heat shimmered on the crewcut stubble that passed for grass. In our white pointed shoes, we girls picked our way in the wake of the boys. Our skirts were so full of petticoat we couldn't stand close to each other. We all reeked of Coles perfume and carried white handbags to match our shoes. But I was the one the men looked at, the sweaty men in singlets and jeans who worked around the big rides, the coin-slot joints and the tent shows.

The grease monkey ignored Martin and looked at me. He didn't smile. He just looked and I felt the buttons on my blouse melt.

Throughout the day we went on every ride at the showground. We ate dagwood dogs and waffles for lunch, drank Coke from the bar — the boys had beer. In spite of my care in the morning, my fluffy skirts started to droop, my hair became sweaty and greasy, and the Coles perfume faded. When I looked down at my beautiful white pointy-toed shoes, they were brown with dust. But I comforted myself that the other girls looked even daggier.

As evening came on, Sideshow Alley started to come to life. The leg shows were coming into their own. After the heat of the day, it was chilly. The girls in their scanty costumes didn't disguise their shivers or their goose-flesh. We joined the crowd and watched the performance. The Spruiker hadn't changed from my childhood, except to look older and even more leathery. Lola was now a skinny woman in a blonde wig, and as she wriggled on the board I could see that the costume had been none too carefully altered to fit. Her companion was a dark-skinned girl wearing a loincloth and bra that purported to be leopard skin. She was Savage Sheena, the Queen of the Amazon, a reformed cannibal, now about to present to us lucky people the exotic, erotic dance of the Amazon Virgins. She wriggled in exactly the same way as the blonde, but chewed gum all the while.

The line-up over, the Spruiker patted Savage Sheena on the bottom and sent both women into the tent. With the rest of the crowd, we surged forward to pay at the ticket box.

There was a man in the ticket box, instead of the usual plump little woman with a bag of knitting at ther feet and a copy of the *Australian Women's Weekly* on the chair. He looked bored. He was dark, almost as dark as Savage Sheena, but it was a mediterranean darkness, and his eyes were blue. He counted out the change with hands that were gnarled and scarred and had black grease embedded in the pores. His nails were black, too, and he smelled of petrol and oil. He had black smears on his shirt, as if he had wiped his hands on it. Martin paid for me, and took the change gingerly, as if he expected to catch something from the grease monkey. But the man ignored him, and looked at me. He didn't smile. He just looked and I felt the buttons on my blouse melt.

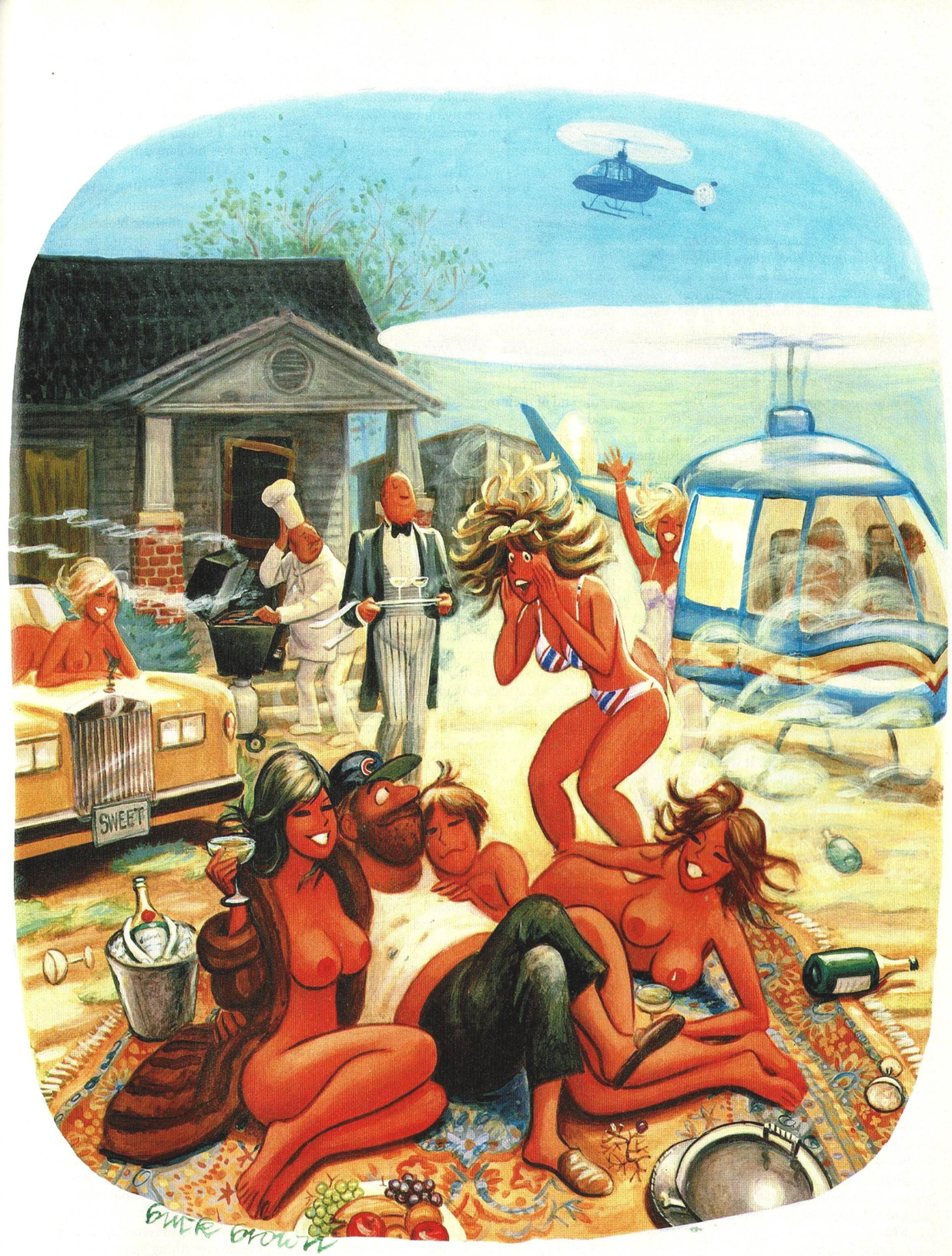
I followed Martin into the tent. It was hot and stuffy, smaller than the country music tents, but there was a small stage, covered by a red curtain. A speaker tied to a pole by the stage started to blare music, and the curtain jerked back to reveal Lola in a studied pose. With her eyes firmly fixed on a spot somewhere above our heads, she started to rotate her hips in a desultory manner, removing one tatty veil at a time from the sequinned costume. As she removed each veil she flicked it at the men in the audience, but she never once lowered her eyes to look at them. Her body seemed as stiff and unyielding as a tent pole as she went through the motions of her dance. Under the harsh bulbs strung across the stage, the lines on her drawn face stood out cruelly, and the wig looked even more unreal.

"Christ," Martin said, not lowering his voice, "She's old enough to be my grandmother."

Lola still did not lower her eyes. She flicked the last veil at the audience, then quickly removed her bra to reveal two tiny, flat, shrivelled breasts. She stood still for a moment while we all looked at them, then turned her back and walked off the stage. There was a shower of applause.

The loudspeaker emitted several scratchy attempts to hit the right track on the record. Finally a tinny drumbeat echoed eerily over our heads and Savage Sheena bopped on to the stage. Unlike Lola, she was all move-

(continued on page 78)



"I said when do you think you'll win the lottery again?"

ment. Everything jiggled like the Spruiker's "jelly on a plate". Beneath the leopard skin her loose breasts bounced about like waterbags on a horse's rump. She grinned the whole time, and at the end she took off the bra and waved it over her head. It was a clever thing to do. It pulled her loose breasts up, and made them look almost presentable. The boys whistled and applauded.

Speculatively I touched my own breasts under the neat blouse buttoned chastely to the collarbone. They felt firm and rounded, and I wondered what it was like to stand up there, under the harsh lights, looking out at a montage of faces looking back at your naked body. It was unthinkable, but a lovely shiver tickled my back. Everyone would be so shocked.

The show over, we obediently filed out again, past the ticket box. The grease monkey was gone and in his place was the blonde-wigged woman who danced as Lola. She had a coat pulled over her costume, pulled tight defensively across her flat breasts as if daring any of us to look. She wore a wedding ring now, and a flashy diamond as false as her hair.

I lingered, deliberately losing the others in the crowd, watching the line-up again. I saw the Spruiker lean down and say something to the woman in the ticket box, and her face froze into a mask. She removed the coat and climbed up on to the line-up board, supporting herself on the garish banners. How different she looked from the women painted there, all young and lush with impossible dimensions, and vapidly smiling faces. Savage Sheena climbed up behind her and the routine began again.

I looked at my watch. It was nine o'clock, still a long way to the witching hour. We all had to be home by half-past ten. Plenty of time. I could have at least half an hour to myself, to wander and explore the sideshows on my own. I could pretend, for a little while, that I was no one's child, that I was like Savage Sheena, someone from another world. Then later I could find the others again and make up some story. As long as I was home on time, Mum and Dad would be no wiser. The curfew hour was their talisman — if I came home on time all was well. It was as if sex only existed after half-past ten.

I wandered from ride to ride, tent to tent, telling myself I wasn't looking for anything in particular, just looking. But I found him anyway, working on the dodgems, riding around on the back of one of the cars with a giggly young girl inside, leaning over now and then to steer her into another car. I paid for my token and waited, ignoring two empty cars until the girl left, skidding over the steel floor in her high-heeled shoes.

"Been on these before?" he asked, as I slipped into the seat behind the steering wheel.

I said I hadn't.

"I'll do the steering, then, if you like."

He leaned over as the car started moving and placed his hands over mine on the steering wheel. I had never come this close to a showman before and they even felt different, rougher, scratchier, than the town boys. He crashed me straight into another car and the impact sent me flying back into his arms. I could see the man in the ticket box laughing, winking at another of the workers as the car went into a spin and I flattened against him. Yes, I knew his game, but I was playing too.

I kept paying for the rides, he kept steering the cars. When I climbed out at last he told the man in the ticket box he was going for a cup of coffee — another wink — another laugh. Another me, some distance off, was watching with open-mouthed disapproval as I let him lead me through the maze of caravans and trucks in the dark world behind the rides and tents, skipping aside as dogs flew out from between the wheels, straining to the end of their ropes and snapping at our ankles.

We came to a little caravan shaped like a breadbox, and he opened the door. The floor felt flimsy as I stepped inside. There was a bed at one end, strewn with blankets and clothes. An open jar of Vegemite and a tin of coffee powder stained the table. Copies of *New Idea* and the evening papers lay on the seats. It was all so incongruously suburban that I almost laughed. But he closed the door and turned me toward the bed. I thought, this can't be me — he doesn't know my name, I don't know his, so it isn't me. It's someone else. I thought of Mum, and the tidy living room of our house, the brand new black and white television in one corner that we couldn't watch because no one in town could get a picture, and the LP collection neatly stacked by the radiogram and, strangely, I saw the dial on it, and all the different stations marked out in their different states and I thought, he must have listened to all of them.

He was lying on top of me now, and I closed my eyes. He had left the light on and I didn't want to see what was happening. He put his tongue in my mouth and it felt cold and slick, like a slice of peach. I could feel him pulling my dress up and I stopped breathing, waiting for what would happen next.

Something hit me, just on the cheekbone. I opened my eyes, dazed, wondering if this was some love play I hadn't read about. I saw the blonde-wigged woman standing over us. She hit again at the grease monkey — she had hit him before and missed, striking me instead. She was crying.

"You randy bastard! Get this tart out of my caravan!"

He rolled off of me, shaking with laughter. I scrambled up and started pulling my clothes together. She grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him so hard her wig slipped, revealing fine dark hair caught in a web of pins.

"Get out of here, you animal!" She shoved him toward the door and out into the night. The last I heard of him was his laughter ringing back to us in the caravan. The woman turned on me.

"As for you, you stupid little whore —" the fire had gone out of her. She pulled off the wig and flung it on the bed. "You keep this up and you'll end up like me."

"I'm sorry," I said in a faint little voice. "I thought it was his caravan."

"It isn't. It's mine," she said definitely. "It's all I've got to show for 10 years on the grounds. Him — he's got nothing. He sleeps in the truck. He's like all these blokes." She started pulling out the pins, letting her fine dark hair fall to her shoulders. "I've had it for the night. I haven't done a strip for five years, but one of our silly cows ran off at the last place and when Joe's stuck there's no one but me. Joe's my husband," she added, flashing her rings. "He owns the leg show. We don't live together no more, but he's got no one else to help out. You want a job?" she asked, almost hopefully.

I shook my head. I was shivering, still holding my unbuttoned blouse over my breasts.

"Look at you," she scolded. "Come here, and I'll fix that. You small-town girls are all the same. Come here looking for something the local boys can't give you — and if you could get it from them, they'd spread it all over town what kind of a girl you are. I know, love, don't tell me. I've been there, I've been lots of places. Take my advice, you go home, let some nice boy get you pregnant, then get him up the altar and take him for everything he's got. That's all any of them are good for. Go on, get out of here."

I headed obediently for the door, not looking back. As I slipped away between the caravans I heard her voice following me.

"You don't know how lucky you are I turned up. There's little replicas of him in every town he's been to."

I went back to the sideshows, keeping well away from the dodgems. I found the others and told them I had been to see the country music show. I let Martin hold my hand so I wouldn't get lost again.

I never saw that grease monkey again. I guess he went on to greener pastures. Oh, yes, Martin proposed, and no, I didn't accept. I knew now that when I married, it would have to be to someone who could give me that feeling of excitement, that extra sparkle that was missing from my life.

Two years later I did meet that someone, and it was when the show came to town. He worked on the dodgems too — but he was very different from my grease monkey. It was love at first sight.

I had to wait another year but when the show came round again, he came back. He had saved all his money, and quit the show that year so we could get married. Ironically enough he bought into a local garage and we became a happily married couple with two kids and a mortgage — a normal family life. But every year we go to the show, and in my fantasies, I leave everything behind and run away with the showmen.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAMIEN McGRATH

PLAY YOUR STRONG SUIT

Fashion Editor Vitek shows how to dress suitably at all times.

Suits don't change very much from year to year but they do come and go in fashion. Maybe because of female pressure to look sharp, or because the likes of Mickey Rourke showed us in *9½ Weeks* you don't have to be straight just because you look straight, suits are once again in vogue.

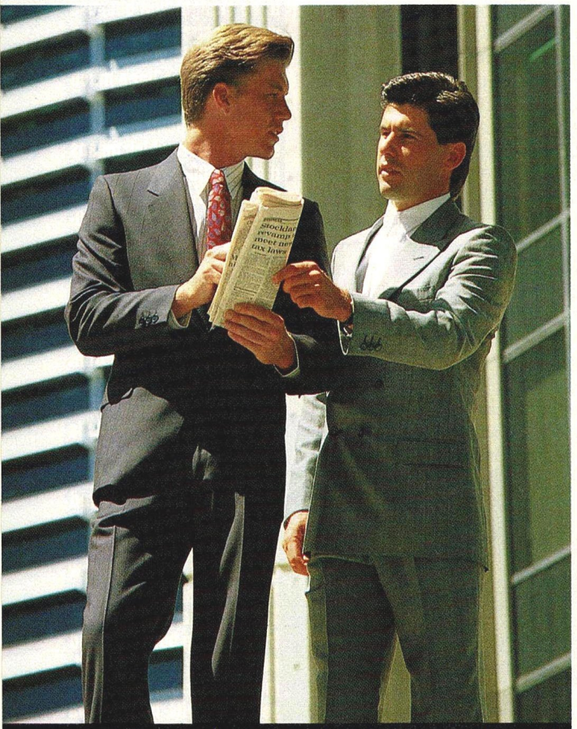
Their price has been much the same for generations. Most men spend a week's salary on one, which means that a $500-a-week earner usually wears a $500-a-week suit, as does a $1000-a-week earner, and so on.

Like most fashion today, suits are anything goes. Wide lapels from the '30s and '40s, shawl collars and longer length jackets from the '50s and unusual color combinations from the '60s. But the news of the '80s is striped shirts and totally *un*color-coordinated ties. What was once considered to be bad taste, like striped shirts and polka dots or checks and paisley, is now the new fashion story.

These suits are all available from leading boutiques and department stores, including Tony Barlow, the largest seller of suits in Australia with 68 stores nation-wide.

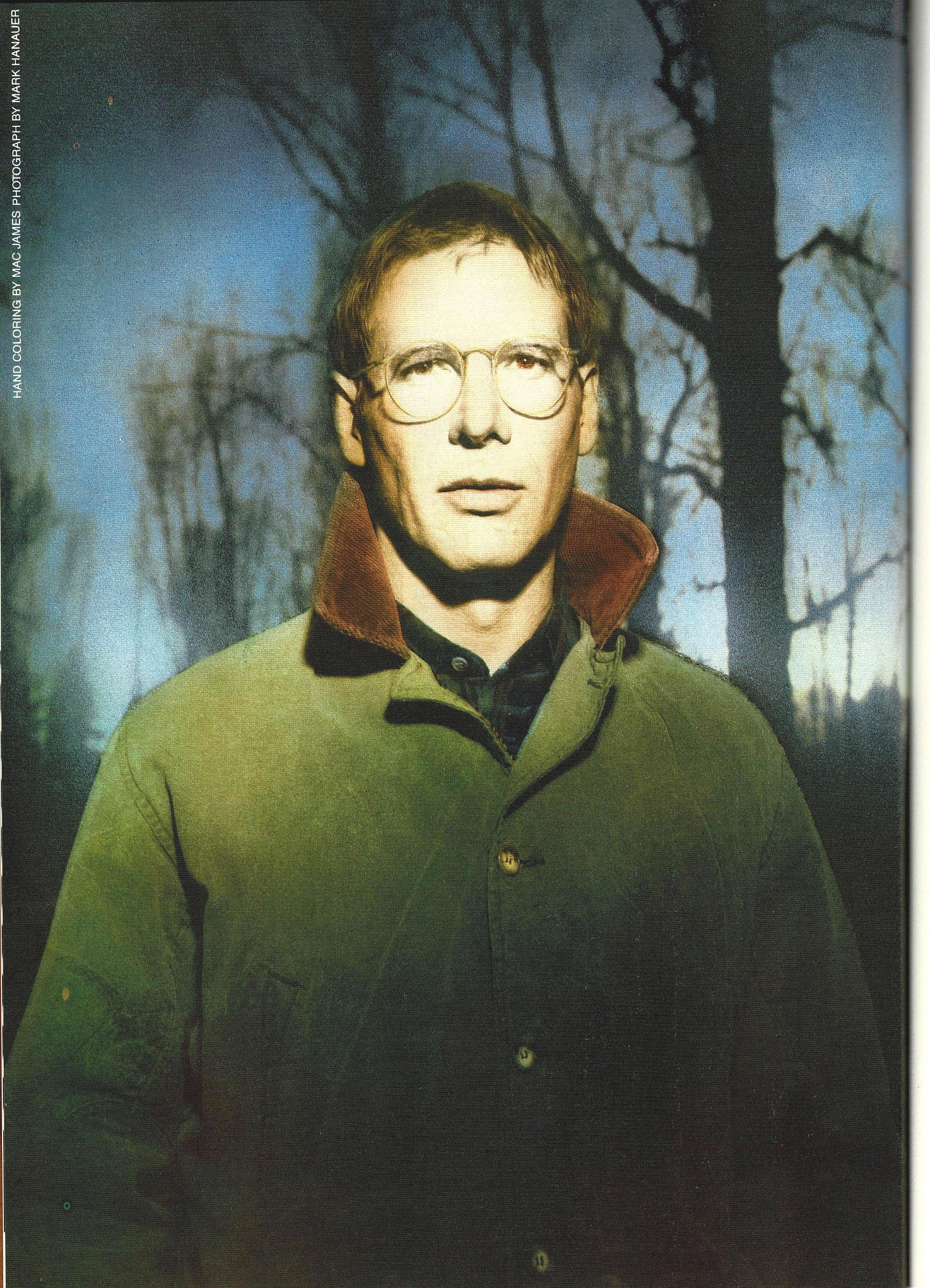
A very smart look for $299 by 7th Avenue. The Barlow International shirt is $49 and the poly/cotton tie is $35.

Smarten up your tie. In this case it's a silk Santstefano tie in the symmetrical Windsor knot made famous by the duke of the same name. The suit is a Louis Freau for $850, with a john langford shirt for $89. Her outfit is by George Gross from Viva in Double Bay, Sydney



Left: The classic Christian Dior single breaster in a wool blend for $420. A poly/cotton shirt for $45 and a Givenchy tie for $44. Right: If you have a smart, long-peak-collar shirt you can get away without a tie. This shirt is by Zamball for $54 and the suit is by Canali for $400.

Left: A very smart and affordable poly/cotton suit by Pierre Cardin for $380 matched with a silk Santstefano tie for $59 and john langford shirt for $89. Centre: Her city suit is by George Gross from Viva. Right: An imported (largely reflected in the cut) Reporter suit for $1100 matched with the finest cotton shirt by Pancoli and B for $175 and a silk tie by Tony Barlow for $35.



20 QUESTIONS: HARRISON FORD

The top-grossing film actor of all time on Indiana Jones's women, his new film with Roman Polanski, and his proficiency with a bullwhip.

Once asked whether people said he reminded them of Gary Cooper, Harrison Ford replied with a grin, "Nope." He is a laconic guy with a legend all his own, a Chicago-born former carpenter who has starred in five of the 10 top-grossing films in history. He is Han Solo, galactic Galahad. He is Indiana Jones, bullwhip enthusiast. Besides the radiations of Star Wars and the Raiders Of The Lost Ark oeuvre, his films include Blade Runner, Witness, The Mosquito Coast, and, due this month, Frantic, a Roman Polanski homage to the Hitchcockian thriller, played breathlessly against a Parisian backdrop.

Ford lives much of the year on a ranch in a western state whose name he prefers we not disclose, although we suppose he won't mind if we say that it is big, with mountains and rivers and lots of sky. His second wife, Melissa Mathison (who wrote E.T.), and his year-old son, Malcom, keep him company. Contributing editor ***Bill Zehme*** *hied out on to the range to pelt him with questions. He reports: "We met midmorning in the nearest town at the nicest hotel in a roomy suite, where Harrison sprawled on a sofa, spoke slowly and carefully, and frequently apologised for not being funnier. I won't soon forget his first words to me: 'No matter what the first question is, my answer is 19 to go.' "*

1.

PLAYBOY: How are we going to keep you down on the farm now that you've worked in Paris?

FORD: It's going to be a whole lot easier. I don't enjoy cities as much as I do being out here in the country. I don't speak French at all, although that was not a real difficulty. The way life is conducted there doesn't much interest me. I find the whole routine completely unattractive: eating late, staying up. Smoky bistros, and all of that. It doesn't have the charm for me that it might once have had. On top of which, I worked every day. I failed to recognise when I first read the script that I was in *every* scene. So I was very busy. What time was left over was taken up with dealing with the baby. We pretty much stayed home and managed to live the kind of life we live anyplace else.

2.

PLAYBOY: You're a new father again — after two decades. What are you learning about yourself this time around?

FORD: Oh, I've got a lot more patience at this age. I'm a lot more settled and content in my own life and it's much easier to deal with all of the frustrations and anxieties of parenting. He's just beginning to sleep the night now, although I wasn't the one to wake up with him. I don't have the required biological mechanism to soothe him.

3.

PLAYBOY: When you look into a mirror, do you see the top-grossing film actor of all time?

FORD: No, I see the idiot twin. I see the stubble or the stuff on my tooth or the red in my eye that I looked in the mirror to see. I don't go looking into the mirror to see who the person is that I'm living with. Nobody sees in the mirror what other people see.

4.

PLAYBOY: Still, we're curious. What does the top-grossing star of all time consider a lot of money to have in his pocket? How much do you have on you now?

FORD: Oh, a *lot* of money, a *lot* of money. [*Stands up and extracts crumpled bills and change from hip pockets.*] Here we go. I've got about 22 bucks. Not even. $18.38 exactly. See, money is really only important if you don't have any. I just don't have much to do with it. Most of what I want is not a money issue. I mean, when you're in a situation similar to mine, it can buy you privacy. And time. You have to.

5.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to this. Is being an enigma a tough cross to bear?

FORD: [*startled*] Am I an enigma? I don't know, I've answered questions about money and my home life without any visible discomfort.

The confusion here is that people's idea of me is made up out of those experiences they have with me on film. And I will argue that I am more revealing on the screen than I am in ordinary life. Maybe it's more interesting to call me an enigma than to see me as the relatively common guy I am. As I've often said before, the most interesting thing about me is the work that I do. The rest of it is pretty ordinary. Almost anything else would make a better story, but you're stuck with this story.

6.

PLAYBOY: You've always been portrayed as being extremely judgemental about yourself. What would you most like to change?

FORD: [*sheepishly*] I guess I am judgemental in some ways. I know when I'm full of shit. I know when I'm wrong. I know when I'm bad. And I know that I could be better in certain things. I'd love to be more fit. I'd love to have more talents in other areas. I'd love to have taken advantage of the education I sort of slept through. I'd love to be clearer-headed. I'd love to be able to play a musical instrument for my own pleasure. I like the sound of a guitar, a tenor sax, a piano. My fantasy would be tinkling on the ivories for myself on late wintry nights, just mumbling the blues.

7.

PLAYBOY: In your latest film, *The Mosquito Coast*, you died onscreen for the first time. The movie did disappointing business. Is there a correlation? Did it occur to you later that moviegoers might prefer you as an invulnerable hero?

FORD: Heroes die, too, you know. I think people enjoy seeing a tear come out of a rock. It's a miracle, you know? I'm not content to simply do what people expect of me. I mean, I think they just want to see good movies. That particular character was just a tough worm to swallow. People were confused as to whether they were supposed to admire him or hate him, and they couldn't quite live with the fact that they were supposed to do both.

8.

PLAYBOY: What will we never see you do in a film?

FORD: I don't have any rules. I just try not to be in films in which I'm not sympathetic to the point of view. I'm not interested in films that have nothing to say. I can't say I wouldn't, for instance, play a Nazi war criminal. I would do anything if it made a good point, had significance. I haven't ruled out musicals, either. Maybe I could be a musical Nazi war criminal. . . It's a thought.

9.

PLAYBOY: How do those toy-action figures in your likeness compare to the real thing? Which has more moveable parts?

FORD: [*laughs*] I haven't really tried to bend one of those little suckers. I don't know, they probably lack a certain anatomical detail.

10.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the secret life of Indiana Jones. What does he do between adventures? Explain his way with women.

FORD: I have no fantasies in this direction. You'll be appalled at the lack of drama in my theories. Indiana Jones, as I see him, is currently reading the latest journals of archaeology, grading papers, trying to catch the eye of the librarian, and calling his mum on Mother's Day. Nothing very intriguing, but if I were to imagine an offscreen life

comparable to his onscreen life, I wouldn't be able to play him with a straight face. So I have to think of him as a real person with a real life.

As for stalking the fair sex, his approach is artless. Remember the scene at the end of the last film, where he lassos Kate Capshaw with his bullwhip? I guess he's not a subtle guy. In fact, the only difficulty I ever have with George and Steven [*Spielberg*] about these stories is that the women have no real weight. The love interest is always engaged in this bitchy kind of repartee with Indy, culminating in a dead swoon for him. I never could understand exactly why.

11.

PLAYBOY: Just how proficient are you with a bullwhip, anyway?

FORD: [*slyly*] I do all my own whipping. But it's not a skill I keep up between films. I'm starting to retrain myself for the next one. It's a bit like riding a bike. Once you've learned the basics, you remember them, so that you're not lashing yourself about the head and shoulders like when you're beginning. I have bullwhips in various lengths and practise with them on posts and trees. Now it all comes naturally — wrist action, you know. I must say, though, that it was hard to find somebody to teach me. Amazingly, there aren't that many expert hands with a bullwhip around.

12.

PLAYBOY: As a notorious list-maker, what's on your current things-to-do list?

FORD: At this moment? I have to get the storm window adjusters out of the local hardware company. I have to draw up the details for the bath-house I'm building. I have to find my passport. I'm supposed to pick up something here in town for Melissa, but I've forgotten what it was, so I have to call her and find out. Which is why I make lists to begin with. It derives from a bad memory, a scattered brain. I love lists. Well, what I *really* like is crossing stuff *off* lists.

13.

PLAYBOY: How would you explain the sensuous joys and wonders of a hardware store to the uninitiated?

FORD: There was a wonderful place near downtown Los Angeles, Andrew's Hardware. They had five floors of hardware. It was heaven. You'd walk in and smell that red or green sweeping compound on the well-worn wood floor. Gave it that woody smell. Now it's been replaced by a neighborhood franchise with those packages of 10 little screws.

14.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk carpentry for a moment. What have you built that you're especially proud of?

FORD: Well, the piece of property I bought here in the country had no buildings on it at all. I put in a road, the electricity and water, a workshop, a couple of other buildings and finally the house. I really enjoyed doing that. And I'm proud of most of the work that I've done for other people, of the houses that I've built. I was lucky enough to always work for people in Hollywood who could afford to have quality work done. I'm sure there will be some who'll feel terrible about being inadvertently left out here, but I did work for Sergio Mendes, Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne, Sally Kellerman, director Richard Fleischer, and Chuck and Talia Shire. Steven [*Spielberg*] to this day makes me go over to whatever house he may be constructing and tell him how long it's *really* going to be before he can move in. That's the one area of expertise that Steven really values me for.

15.

PLAYBOY: Many have tried and failed. Can you describe the sound of a nail being yanked out of oak?

FORD: Green oak or dried oak? Green oak, by virtue of being new and moist, would be less aural. With dried oak, though, it's the classic screech. I don't do nail imitations, but I do remember it's a halting kind of screech.

16.

PLAYBOY: One of your summer jobs during college was working as a cook on a Chicago yacht. What were your specialties?

FORD: Well, really, I knew nothing about cooking at the time. My mother gave me an old copy of *The Joy Of Cooking* and I also relied on the Chicago *Tribune*'s reader service, which was still in existence. I'd call them up and ask them whatever I needed to know. I'd say, "This is Harrison again. I know you told me yesterday, but how long do you have to bake a potato? What temperature?"

17.

PLAYBOY: The world may not be ready to hear this, but can we have the sordid details of your appearance on *Love American Style.*

FORD: The producers called me on a Friday and said they wanted me to play a hippie. But there was no time to get me to a costumer. I was to report for work first thing Monday. My character was that of the hippie who comes to pick up the daughter of a normal middle-class couple. They were to be appalled by my appearance and presence, but I was to furnish them with some sort of helpful hippie philosophy, which would mend their troubled marriage.

Monday morning I went into make-up. I had long hair and a beard, but the first thing they did was ask me to cut my hair and shave. I tried to explain that I was playing a hippie, but they mumbled something about "America inviting me into its living room" and how we wouldn't want to "offend". And I thought, "Oh, shit, I'm in trouble here."

But I carried on and went into wardrobe. They asked me to step out of the blue chambray work shirt and jeans I was wearing and put on a navy blue shirt with this high collar with contrasting white stitching on it. Also, a pair of burgundy jeans made out of some plastic material with a wide white belt. They even had a scarf with a little ring to put around my neck. And I thought, "Somebody has *clearly* made a mistake here."

So, rather than argue with the wardrobe guy, I just put on these clothes and went looking for the producer to point out that I'd been mis-costumed. I walked out on to the set and somebody directed me to a man standing with his back to me. I tapped him on the shoulder and, when he turned around, I saw he was wearing exactly the same thing I was. He was a hippie producer, I guess. A Hollywood hippie. At least, the cheque went through when I got paid.

18.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that, early on, you actually considered changing your name to Kurt Affair?

FORD: I'd come out to Hollywood from the Midwest and was hired as a contract player with Columbia, one of the last of that breed. The studio guys thought my name was too pretentious for a young man. They had a whole idea about remoulding people into what they thought the audience wanted to see. I was sure that the most important thing for an actor is to hold on to what was individual about himself. I just wanted them to stop asking me about changing my name, so as an alternative I suggested the dumbest name I could think of — Kurt Affair. [*chuckles*] They were understandably chagrinned. Feel free to use it, by the way. Motel registers, anything. Then again, it may not be exactly right for motel registers.

19.

PLAYBOY: In *Frantic*, your character is a heart surgeon. Is this the first time you got to play doctor and get paid for it? Come away with any newly acquired medical techniques?

FORD: [*chuckling*] Yeah, this is my first doctor. But this is a doctor who does practically no doctoring onscreen. Still, I wanted to know what the guy actually did at work. It seemed important in order to better understand the character — even if it didn't show up in the film. I met with a couple of heart surgeons and I spoke to other surgeons about heart surgeons. I learned there's a certain degree of authority surgeons have in their world which they seem to want to inflict on the outside world. Heart surgeons, especially, I found, are among the elite of the doctor world. I also found a certain elegance or vanity of gesture that was common to these guys. Lots of hand movement. I already gesture enough with my hands, so that wasn't a challenge.

20.

PLAYBOY: Have you driven a Ford lately?

FORD: [*pained*] Oh, God. I've got a Ford tractor and a Ford truck. A serious answer to an un-serious question. You keep giving me the opportunity to be witty and I keep blowing it. My wit is spotty, you know?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEVIN CHEN

By
PAUL THEROUX

China DOLLS

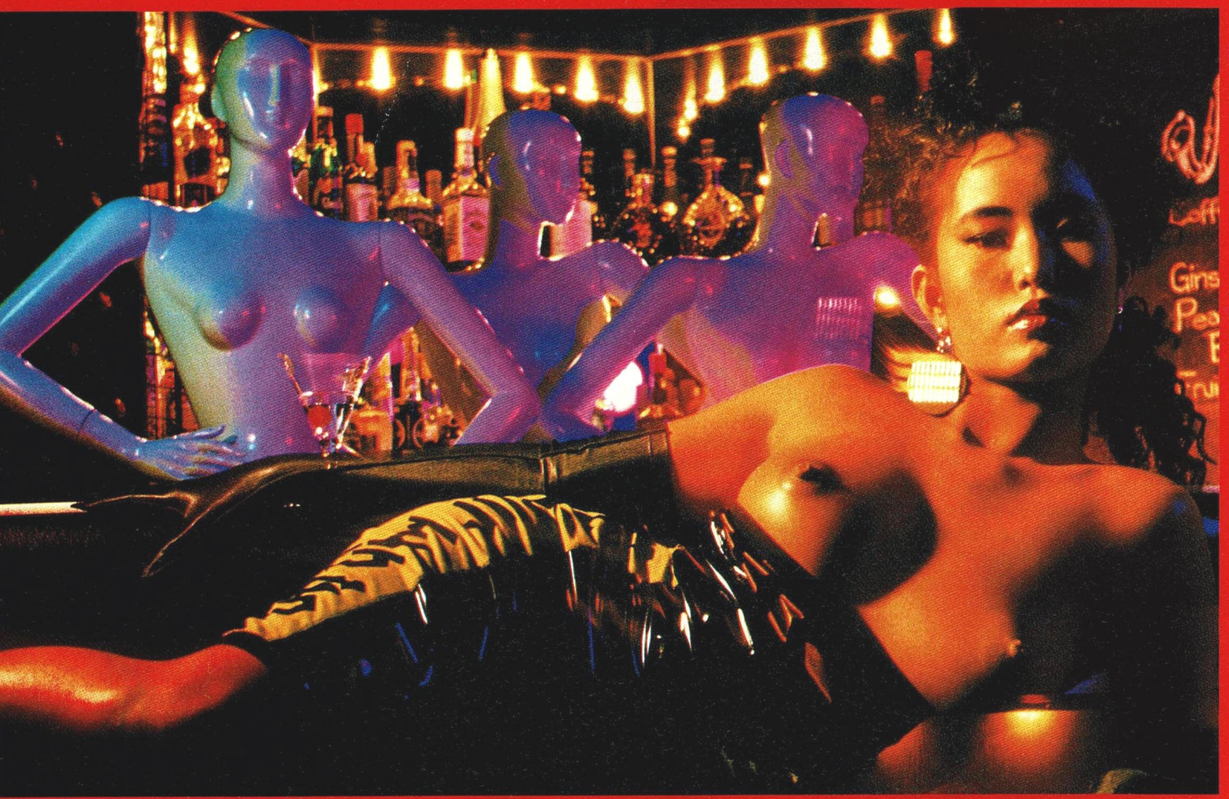
A new slant on Asian pin-ups.

ONCE, IN A back street in Calcutta, a wheezing Bengali snatched my arm and said, "You want Chinese girl?"

I had been hurrying to get a train ticket at Howrah. I had promised to meet someone after that. It was mid-day, and the humid heat of the Hooghly River penetrated the crowded city and made it stink. I had wanted to get everything done — my ticket, my shopping, my appointments — and then head out of there. The Bengali had caught me just as I had set off on what I expected to be a busy day, in which I had no time to spare.

And yet without the slightest hesitation I abandoned all my plans and followed this pimp deeper into the city in search of the Chinese girl.

I imagined her reclining on a couch in a large bedroom of a rotting hotel. She would be young and pale, the color of a woodshaving and just as thin, and wrapped in flimsy silk, with the blue fumes of a joss stick perfuming her. I saw brilliant red Chinese characters on the wall, and perhaps a tapestry,



and the Chinese girl smiling in the semi-darkness as I entered. She would lift her hand from her breast and murmur and beckon to me with the two-inch crimson nail on her forefinger.

The stories in those parts were well-established. These girls were ferocious in the street, but in bed they were slaves. They began by giving you a soapy bath, and then they dried you and massaged you or else walked up and down your spine naked. They made love to you by taking the active part, treating you as some exotic being, and producing rapturous sensations in every part of your body. When you were exhausted they pillowed your head, and when you woke up they brought tea and a cold towel and pleaded with you to return.

But this Indian I was following seemed a little baffled by the alleys and the crowds. He said he was lost. And then after we had found the place he slapped his forehead and said that the Chinese girl was out for the day, but what about this other one? She was Tibetan. She sulked in a narrow room on a burst-open mattress. She looked lumpy and unwashed. I made my excuses and left.

Anyone who wonders why I was tempted needs his head examined: it was simply bad luck or Indian hyperbole that deflated my hopes. Every man's fantasies are uniquely and strangely his own, but if there is a common denominator it has something to do with the exoticism of the East — the beds in the East are soft, and the women are smoother, nakeder, sweeter, and more willing. It is perhaps a dream of naked pleasure inspired by the dusky and bare-titted imagery of countless South Seas specials of the *National Geographic*. But more likely it is the conventional wisdom that they do things differently in the Orient. Nothing is more tempting than the forbidden, and the Oriental woman seems like a mythical beast or a superior species of human designed to give pleasure.

All such fantasies are, I suppose, a confidence trick you play on yourself — the worst sort of self-delusion. But so what? In the realm of the senses nothing is what it appears. It is no good saying that such

women may be shrewish, materialistic and talkative — the aura, the whispers and associations are what matters. What the Chinese woman does perhaps better than any other woman is inspire a man — she sets his imagination on fire by representing his fantasies. And the great thing about fantasies is that they are triggered by suggestion and they happen in your head. Isn't most sex single-minded and private?

The West has many forms of feminine beauty; the girl-next-door, the hour-glass, the nurse, the nympho, the pneumatic mother-figure, the surfer-girl, the game-for-anything groupie, and more — each one a distinct physical type. It is easy to imagine what jobs they hold and how they dress. I knew a man who was wildly aroused by the expression "bored housewife" — he pictured a pretty woman at an upper window hungering to be stuffed. It is probably an effect of our multi-cultural upbringing, this non-oriental notion that beauty comes in all shapes and sizes.

Beauty in the East is one particular woman. She is smooth and vaguely snake-like. Her hair is always black and straight, her fingernails long, her feet very small — foot-fetishism has always been popular in China and it did not end when foot-binding stopped. She is always slim, even thin. Her hooded eyes are always black, her eyebrows narrow, and her lips slightly fuller than you would expect. She is nearly always small, but because she sets off her erotic feet with luxurious shoes she may appear taller. Looking at a Chinese woman you understand why the Chinese euphemism for a snake is "little dragon". There is something reptilian and not-quite-human in her beauty.

I know there are one billion people in China and that more than half of them are women. It is obvious that I am generalising. But with a culture that is so old and well-established, so integrated and so like-minded, it is possible to make certain generalisations with confidence. If you asked a Chinese man what physical traits he valued in a Chinese woman he would describe

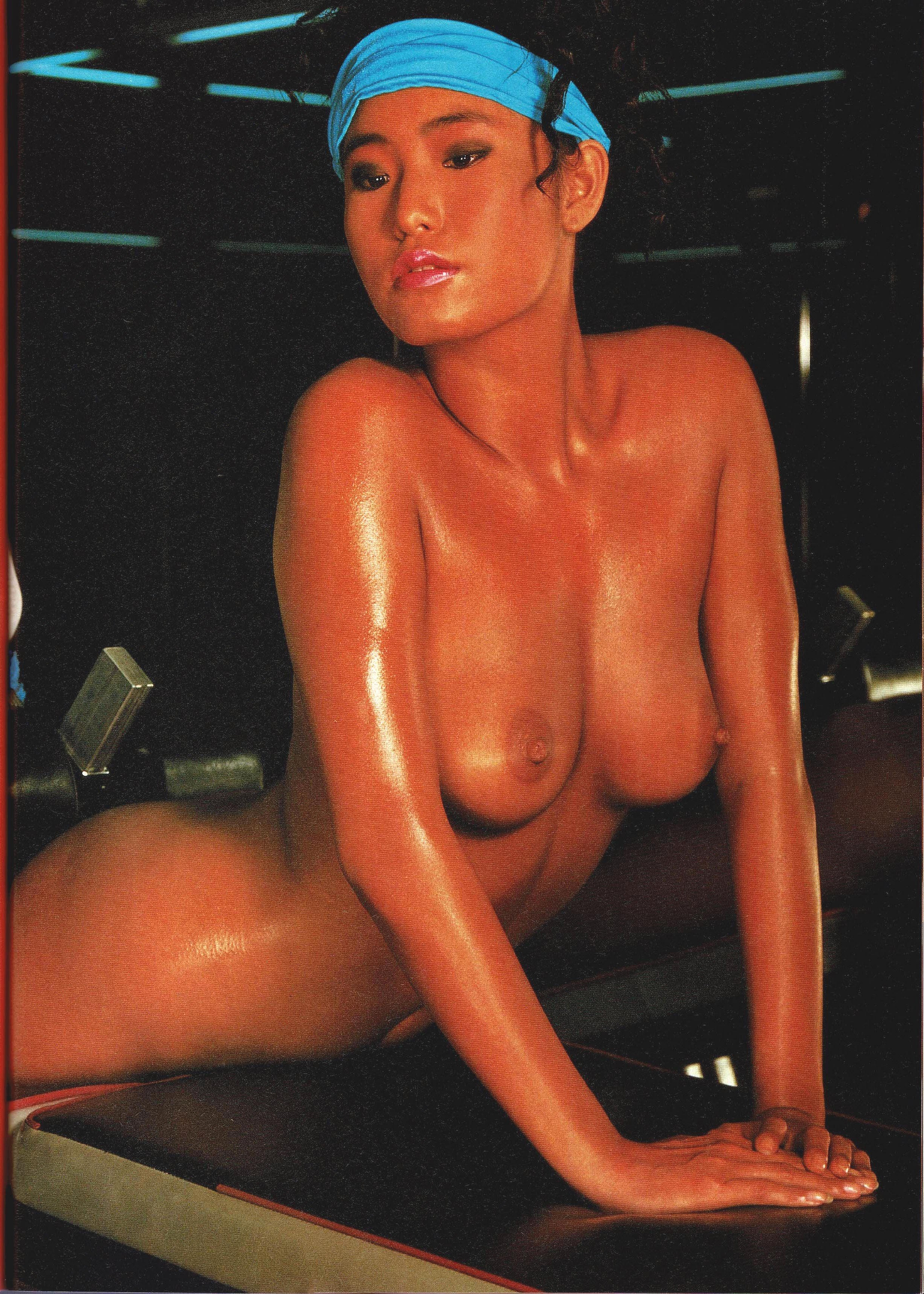
them by repeating the classical attributes — black hair, small breasts and feet, dark eyes, slim, submissive. There are no valkyries or cheerleaders in Chinese society, and even Hong Kong and Singapore and Macau, which have been exposed to Western influences for well over a hundred years, have not evolved a different ideal. And yet the mere fact that this Chinese woman is predictable does not make her less desirable.

The Chinese woman is never a mother figure, and though she is sometimes thought of as a slave or a courtesan, such roles do not do her justice. She is altogether subtler, even innocent-seeming. The Chinese man usually draws his sexual stereotypes from classical literature, mythology, and the imagery that is inscribed on old bridal beds, all about penetrating the lotus and discovering the jade. But this classical creature — the dragon-lady with claws and a cunt like a flower blossom — is different from the Chinese woman that a Westerner sees.

For one thing, she is seldom a woman. Even a middle-aged Chinese woman looks girlish, and so what she represents is youth and vitality. She is obedient, she is lovely, she is small and perfectly formed. I suspect that for most men she is a daughter-figure, an incest-fantasy, and that she illustrates in the desire she arouses, the breaking of our oldest taboo.

She is the opposite of the big raunchy bimbo of changing room fantasies, yanking her great flopping boobs out of her blouse and saying, "Get a load of these!" She never raises her voice.

The Chinese woman symbolises silence. That is her daughterly and submissive quality. The only sound that you associate with her is a whisper of invitation. Her youth is also a kind of agelessness — as a matter of fact most Chinese women have exquisite skin, like yellow velvet, and thick tassel-like hair. Her sensuality and obedience allow us to imagine ourselves as domineering and protective at the same time. But this is also part of the fantasy, because this woman is in total control, even though it does not seem so. That is why it is like sex with mirrors: the eroticism is



calculated but never obvious.

Perhaps with all this ancient wisdom of the art of love-making and the studious working-out of the physical ideal there may be a loss of spontaneity. The sexual ritual might make some Chinese women cynical. Certainly, in all senses, they are the mistresses of manipulation. But these are the dramas of the sexual life. It is never simple, and the Chinese woman knows how to give it tension. And it is frequently more than just fantasy — sex is magic; sex is also power. How could a woman who has this effect on a man not realise it? The Chinese woman, I think, knows that she is in possession of a tremendous secret. Her confidence and self-possession is also part of her sensuality. She knows why she is attractive; she may even emphasise her Chinese-ness by making herself thinner, paler, blacker-haired, silkier, more slant-eyed; make-up is important to the Chinese, and the natural look is for tractor-drivers. The very look of a Chinese woman is an aphrodisiac.

That look is described in the greatest Chinese pornographic novel, the classic *Golden Lotus* (Jin Ping Mei). This book has been banned in China since the Ming Dynasty (1368-1643). Golden Lotus is a woman who becomes the mistress of a horny young man called Ximen. This is his first glimpse of her: "Her hair was as black as a raven's plumage; her eyebrows mobile as the kingfisher and as curved as the new moon. Her almond eyes were clear and cool, and her cherry lips most inviting... Her face had the delicate roundness of a silver bowl.

"As for her body, it was as light as a flower, and her fingers as slender as the tender shoots of a young onion. Her waist was as narrow as the willow, and her white belly yielding and plump. Her feet were small and tapering; her breasts soft and luscious.

"One other thing there was, black-fringed, grasping, dainty, and fresh, but the name of that I may not tell. It had all the fragrance and tenderness of fresh-made pastry, the softness and appearance of a new-made pie."

That is the Chinese ideal, the ultimate edible woman.

AEROPLANE *(continued from page 52)*

Suddenly I felt like a dog at the RSPCA. I just wanted someone to come and take me home.

Back in the car we learnt that Helen had jumped on to two flights, not realising that these would be moved to two different locations the next night. Her eyes bulged; flying high was truly taxing. The car rattled on.

Paul and Deborah were now co-pilots. Deborah told us how it was Robyn, the hostess, who originally introduced her to the game. She said they'd known each other for years and that they used to practise magic together. My sensibilities were in tatters. Vaguely I mused about Robyn: she reminded me of a con-man I'd met years before, the face, the attitude; my mind was drifting.

The next morning I tried to make sense of it all. Two central questions appeared: how long could it last and what could stop it? Apparently it had been in Sydney for three weeks and I could only arbitrarily decide that it might last another three. That would be if the pace didn't change — people were collecting their money in three days! If the press caught on I knew there would be a moral and political outcry about illegal gambling, no one paying taxes, innocent victims: the law would probably be used to stop it.

But was it really illegal? Many people were saying that that wasn't necessarily the case. Anyway I hadn't yet heard of any publicity. Then I began to get phone calls from distant friends asking me if I was interested in making eight thousand dollars; I began to believe that there was a rising wave of interest.

I restrained myself from visiting the bank, but by this time I was already dreaming about the lasting impression that 8, 16 or 32 thousand dollars could make to my life. I was dreaming of a big deposit on a cheap house (it was hard not to) and I was constantly agonising over the risk factors. Other people were already buying houses with Golden Aeroplane money; I could see myself in my very own film-maker's den or relaxing in the sunroom, letting the grass grow wild.

The party that night was the same wild fling all over again. It defied belief. I heard a story about the same kind of game happening seven years ago in New Zealand where it went on for 12 months. More champagne, more happy hysteria, more new faces; another party passed.

Wednesday — with a couple of friends I puzzled through the possibilities yet again, and by mid-afternoon we all agreed that the sooner I did it the better my chances were. One thousand bucks wouldn't ruin me but eight thousand — well... My good friend Phillip implored me to write it all down so that, if nothing else, I would end up with a story. I threw the I Ching but the reading was incomprehensible. I had to put it aside and, thinking to myself fortune favors the bold, I went down to the bank.

That night at another feverish party, sipping champagne, I struggled to retain my centre of balance. I watched and counted heads versus flights and available seats. As the party warmed up and passengers boarded Paul's flight, the desire was burning a hole in my pocket. There were only two seats available before everyone on that flight jumped up a level; I took the PLUNGE!

It was a great relief. I went out to the balcony, where faces became potential passengers. A familiar ruckus ripped through the party again and I knew I'd become a crew member. Now I was sporting that auto-laughing smile with matching eyes which most of the others were wearing. Paul had become a pilot. Later, as I went to sleep I was almost laughing. I think I dreamt of little mountains of cash.

In the morning I sprang to life and found myself trying to interest a couple of acquaintances, Lisa and Andrew, who lived nearby. We sat in their loungeroom, I turned down the radio a little whilst I explained. They kept me there answering questions for quite a long time and finally we were arranging transport for that night. Andrew and Lisa were tantalised. I was still wearing my auto-smile when something else grabbed our attention...words...the radio...the news...police raided a party in Bondi last night...two people arrested...the commissioner...the warning of fines.

Suddenly I felt like a dog at the RSPCA; I just wanted someone to come and take me home. Blank expressions.

I remembered a little story, I think it came from *Zen And The Art Of Motorcycle Maintenance.* It went something like this: a man is learning to sky-dive. He jumps from an aeroplane and terror strikes him: he's forgotten his parachute. Horrified, he looks down to the earth to meet his death, but where it should be, there is nothing; the earth has gone from beneath him! Shocked, amazed, he looks back to the plane but it too has vanished and now he realises that there is nothing to worry about.

I rang Paul. "Great advertising," he chirped. Then to add to my surprise, Lisa and Andrew still seemed interested. Nerves jangled, and totally puzzled, I decided that it must be time to eat, so I bought a loaf of bread on my way back to the studio. On the bread wrapper there was a money game: buy the bread, cut out the label, the more bread you buy the more chance you have to win ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

That night's party was crowded with onlookers only. Andrew and Lisa had decided not to come along after all, but the publicity had doubled our attendance. Well over a hundred people jammed into one house, each one of them anxiously watching all of the others for some tangible sign of activity in the game. It was a room full of investors waiting for the bandwagon to roll. I had the impression that a murmur could have tipped off a landslide, but nothing happened. I didn't sleep.

As the days slipped by, the parties became more like shareholders meetings – after the crash. On one or two nights there were flurries of activity but the government and the media had performed a remarkably efficient task. I coped, I was aware that I was gambling and after all, when you do that you have to be prepared to live with a loss. I still had my film and my curiosity, and I'm accustomed to having nothing in the bank.

At this point I had to admit to myself, reluctantly, that I had lost money: my thousand dollars had been irretrievably redistributed. Other fellow gamblers were saying that the game was simply frozen for a while, but I think Keating was correct when he declared that a souffle could not rise twice.

Something else about the game had come to mind. The motion of the pyramid structure and the fact that the proposition is most attractive to those who don't have much money, provides a self-destruct mechanism. As the word spreads, the comfortable are displaced by the desperate.

Like a virus it moves and goes out through the immigration gates, into other countries. Two weeks after the police stopped the game in Sydney, it turned up in the US. Perhaps I'm too negative: I've heard there are games still going on here. The Golden Aeroplane can move at an alarming pace and anyone who has a thousand dollars may find themselves wrestling with their spirit of adventure. . . or that irresistible greed for a quick buck.

The message which never seems to get through, however, is that in order for one person to win $8000, eight other people have to be willing to give up $1000. Of course, they hope to recoup the same way, but for each of the original eight to succeed, another 112 people (suckers?) have to be involved. And for these people to win you need a further 896 (each time you multiply by 8). Unfortunately, by the time you've done this 9 times you're up to 1.7 billion, or nearly half the world's population, two-thirds of whom go hungry anyway, never mind having $1000 to put into such ludicrous schemes.

And the rewards aren't all that great after the first flight (unless you take a chance on playing several at once). If you joined a new flight each time you flew out as a pilot, after originating the idea yourself, you'd still only pick up $8000 x 9, or $72,000. Which might just get you a house in Sydney's Western Suburbs if you're lucky. Only the early birds catch the not-too-substantial worm. The vast majority of the worms themselves end up doing their dough.

BEEPA BEEPA! IT'S THE

ITALIAN ROAD RUNNER

Motoring editor Rob Luck gives the new Alfa 33Ti a run for its money.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KARL SCHWENGERSEN

THE ITALIAN ROAD Runner is jammed up my Khyber, honking for me to move over.

Nothing unusual about that, especially here in Turin, Italy. Italians are always trying to get their cars into your boot. Nothing unusual at all, except at this particular moment we are all stationary, blocked solid in an immovable traffic jam. Beep, beep.

I look in the mirror, and I see a smart red (aren't they all?) Alfa 33. Inside is a smart, ready-for-action Italian. He is waving for me to go forward. And tooting (it's the Italian automotive punctuation mark, invariably used in conjunction with the Italian gesticulations). Beep, beep!

I look forward. There is the boot of another Alfa —

about one and a half metres away. I look in the mirror. More waving, more honking. Beep, beep.

I shrug (I am learning to "speak" Italian), select first gear in *my* Alfa and edge forward until the bumper of the Alfa ahead disappears from view under the bonnet line. There is barely another inch of space left.

Beep, beep!

I look back in the mirror. This "beep, beep" apparently means "grazie" (thanks) because the smart Italian is now smiling warmly. He is also out of his Alfa. And he is doing something with the brickwork on the edge of the median strip. He is. . . wait for it. . . building a little ramp. . .

It doesn't take long. In moments he is back in his car, beep-beeping happily as he manoeuvres on to his do-it-yourself ramp. A quick brarp-brarp on the throttle and he is up and on to the median strip. Beep beep.

There is about 100 metres of strip to the next intersection. The Italian Road Runner does it with style — a stirring signature in rubber marks the start of his escape bid, the obstacle course of bus-seats, water fountains and trees is taken like a slalom run. At the end he simply launches the little Alfa straight off the edge. It ker-bumps mightily down on to the tarmac, and weaves into the speeding traffic on the unchoked cross-road ahead. Beep, beep! He is gone.

I turn to look at my Italian passenger/navigator, expecting some reaction. He shrugs impassively, opens his hands to the skies as if to say, "He musta be in-a da hurry."

Italians are always in a hurry — at least when they get behind the wheel of a car. They have two speeds — flat-out, and all-wheels-locked-under-brakes. Italian cars are either nose-up, nostrils flared in acceleration, or nose-down, scraping at the blacktop for deceleration adhesion.

Corners are tackled with the same verve — tyres howling, bodywork leaning over, wheels cocked in the air, arms flailing at the tiller.

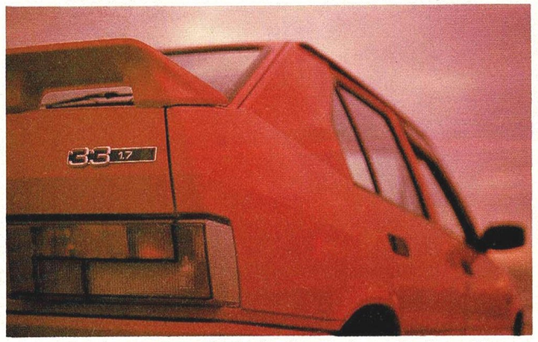
And all of this is performed anywhere, anytime, country or city, hotmix or gravel, smooth or rough.

You need to know this to understand what an Italian car is about. Because, like so many vehicles, they are a reflection of the national personality. To put an Italian into a Japanese car, for example, would be to put a sane man in a padded cell. Sure, it works, but where is the *passion*? The way an Italian reads it, Japanese cars may well be efficient, but an Italian car has *character.*

Character manifests itself in many forms and of course even the best character has some bad characteristics. Italian cars are like that — they are essentially lovable, but they can be infuriating.

Let's take the Alfasud — the car from which this car (the Alfa 33) was derived. The Alfasud had the best engine, ride/handling combination and interior package ever seen on a small car when it was released in the early '70s and re-wrote the specifications for small front-drive cars. But it rusted faster than an empty soup can, the chassis and body fell apart, the paintwork disintegrated and the interior trim melted.

. . . one of the most pleasant small-car interiors around.



A hatchback rear end which offers the best of both worlds.

Instantly recognisable: the timeless Alfa Romeo emblem.

None of this had been typical of Alfa up to that time, and it happened because Alfa engaged in a dangerous social experiment — they built a new plant in the south of Italy at Pomigliano d'Arco (near Naples) to mop up the massive unemployed labor force and help out the Italian government. At the end of the day, however, the southern Italian worker was still more interested in Chianti and Sol, Alfa's reputation had been destroyed, and the unemployment paymaster's office had virtually been transferred from the Italian Social Security Department to the Alfa personnel office.

Alfa has taken 10 years to rebuild its small-car reputation, and the latest Alfa 33 is the result. Alfa has been careful to tackle the big issues head-on from the outset — the Alfa now comes with a six-year anti-corrosion warranty and 12-month unlimited kilometre general warranty.

In the 33 or small-car front-wheel-drive series, Alfa has the Boxer — a 1.5 litre "cooking" model, and the 33Ti — a 1.7 litre, 115bhp (two twin-choke carburettors instead of fuel injection), fully sport-optioned performance machine aimed at the enthusiast. They herald the return of high performance to the small-car range. This is signalled by the *Quadrifoglio Verde*, which sounds like something you might say during a Frascati hangover, but which simply means "four-leaf clover", and is the symbol of the Alfa performance car. It is only ever applied to worthy contenders.

In this case, it means the fast little Italian is good for a whopping 200km/h and can accelerate from standstill to the legal limit in under 10 seconds, pretty much a performance benchmark for small sporties these days.

Performance is achieved with remarkable fuel efficiency — better than 10 litres per 100km (28mpg) when driven hard, and a prudent driver can easily get under the 10 litres/100km mark (more than 30mpg) with a combination of fast but efficient driving.

The way an Italian reads it, Japanese cars may well be efficient but an Italian car has character.

Alfa claims a steady-speed consumption figure of 6.2 litres/100km (46mpg) at 90km/h. The economical driver (hard to find in a fire-breathing performance car) could achieve about 90 percent of that (around 40mpg).

Alternatively, to hell with economy, go for performance and listen to that throaty, interesting flat-four-cylinder engine as it punches out sparkling response with an a-rhythmical beat.

Handling/ride, steering, and braking is in line with the Alfa legend. The car is a delight to aim at a fast, windy road, anywhere, anytime. Its supple MacPherson strut front end and Watts-linkage solid rear end will handle mid-line bumps and potholes (a part of the great Australian way of open-road driving), gravel, rough roads, tramtracks, you name it.

Brakes have always been good on Alfas — so good that an insurance company once tried to surcharge Alfa customers because other cars were running up their bums! The Alfa 33 Ti is no exception, even though it runs discs/drums (an unusual combination in today's all-disc specification on most cars).

Passengers are cossetted in one of the most pleasant small-car interiors around. Alfa has really lifted its interior trim game and the car is tastefully and efficiently furnished inside — a nice combination with the good Italian instrumentation, steering wheel and minor controls.

Unfortunately, we can't include the pedals, which are possibly the worst in the world, possibly the universe and distant galaxies. Not only that, there is no longer any excuse because there is now plenty of floorspace (there wasn't in the old Alfasud) and Alfa has had 15 years of solid criticism from every corner of the world to act upon.

The interior package is now built around a hatchback rear end which offers the best of both worlds — the Alfasud's remarkable luggage space with easy access.

The equipment level is high for the all-inclusive price and covers central locking, front electric windows, electronic/digital radio/stereo, heated rear screen with wiper/washer, tinted windows, courtesy light delay switch, internally adjustable rear-view mirror, split-folding rear seat, and on the exterior, complete body kit (front/rear spoilers and skirts, side skirts) and alloy wheels. Options are "air", metallic paint and sunroof.

The construction of the car is now very good — excellent panel fit, good finish inside and out, tight assembly with no rattles, everything works well and doesn't bust.

There are a few complaints — those pedals, a slightly heavy steering at low speeds (but little feed-back under acceleration like Japanese front-drive performance cars), and a hot cockpit in summer without air-conditioning (Italian ventilation flow is simply not good enough Down Under).

But as a genuine small performance car that can go almost anywhere fast and comfortably (even up and down median strips), it is a very good product-for-the-money. Especially at only about $26,000. Beep, beep.

John Cleese

(continued from page 58)

"In my last year at school I looked like a cross between a giraffe and a hovercraft."

Cleese plays Ethelred The Unready who never makes time for interviews nor prepares for them; Ivan The Terrible, who never listens but bellows at the applicants; and William The Silent who hates to criticise or face up to unpleasant realities.

In *Meetings, Bloody Meetings,* he's a workaholic businessman who keeps telling his wife he has to bring work home at night because he spends all his office days in meetings. "If it wasn't for the sleep we get at the meetings," he explains, "we'd never be able to work this late."

As in Hollywood, his best films generate sequels. He's produced *More Bloody Meetings* to follow on the first film's success. Also, Hollywood-like, Cleese's company goes in for the costumed spectacular. In *The Unorganised Manager,* Cleese dresses up as St Peter to give heavenly advice on the essentials of managing and delegating. And in *Decisions, Decisions,* actors costumed as Field Marshal Montgomery, Sir Winston Churchill, Brutus and a moustachioed Queen Elizabeth give flashback advice on how others in history made hard decisions, and then followed through to see that their orders were carried out.

In *Can You Spare A Moment?*, insensitive managers are shown discussing an employee's personal problems in loud voices in a crowded company canteen. And another insensitive boss tells a despairing worker, "It's pretty clear what you have to do. Pay off the overdraft, leave the wife, put the kids into care, have a vasectomy, learn to tap-dance and apply for a job in the office in Baghdad."

"People remember all the do-it-wrong bits," Robinson reveals. "Some people will say management is a very serious thing. But we're not making fun of management. We're making fun of people who screw up." For instance, Cleese's Ivan The Terrible character. He's shown as a doctor treating a patient who is overweight and has high blood pressure. "Isn't there anything we can do?" the patient asks hopefully. "No, it's hopeless," the bullying Dr Ivan replies. "You're best having your coronary now."

Cleese draws on his traditional stiff-upper-lip English upbringing as the wellspring for his manic humor. "Weston-super-Mare, where I was raised," he reveals, "is the kind of town where all change is considered dangerous. 'You haven't changed a bit' is a tremendous compliment. It means you haven't tunnelled out under the wire. My father liked to say that there was a tradition of law in our family. What it meant was that my grandfather had been a solicitor's clerk."

By age 12, he was already over six feet tall. "I wonder if very tall people become laughmakers in self-defence," he muses. "In my last year at school, I was taller than most of the masters. I looked like a cross between a giraffe and a hovercraft. The trouble with being tall is that you can't fade into the background. I was bullied a lot, until I discovered I could make people laugh and became quite popular as the class clown."

He went to Cambridge to follow the family's tradition of law. But then the Cambridge Footlights, the university's amateur acting group, intervened. "The course of one's life is dictated by such completely random events," he sighs. "I was in the *Footlights Review Of 1967;* it went into London's West End for five months, and I never got to be a lawyer after all." A stint on Broadway followed, and when the show closed, he tried being a journalist for *Newsweek.* Fortunately for films, the effort failed.

Cleese became a household name when *Monty Python's Flying Circus* hit the world's TV screens. He and his cohorts gave a new, humorous flavor to bad taste with their zany skits on dead parrots, transvestite lumberjacks and twits of the week.

Disbanding after a few years together, the gang of six went their own various ways for more than a decade. But, in early 1987, they reformed themselves as (what else?) Prominent Features, an umbrella company which will produce three films using their assembled talents this year. "We're getting along better than we have ever done," Cleese smiles. "There's much less envy and much more admiration of each other's work."

Cleese further tattooed himself on the world's funny bone as Basil Fawlty, the manic hotelkeeper who explodes like Daffy Duck whenever he's crossed, which is always. Cleese played the role as the nastiest hotelier since that innkeeper in Bethlehem. The series, which he conceived and wrote for the BBC along with his first wife, American Connie Booth (who played the maid, Polly, in the show), only paid him $60,000 for the 12 episodes. "There really was a Basil," he remembers. "He ran a hotel we used in Torquay when shooting a Python episode. He was very small, and his wife was very large, but otherwise, all the characters and relationships were just as we showed them in the series. He regarded all his guests as nuisances, foisted on him by fate to prevent him from running his hotel properly. When we decided to shoot the TV series, we actually took the director down to Torquay to see the hotelier in action, but, alas, he'd sold up and gone to Canada to live with his daughter."

It was between the first and second *Fawlty Towers* series that Cleese went into deep therapy, an experience that lasted for well over three years. He joined a group of 10 that met each week with psychologist Robin Skynner and his wife, Prue. "It was one of the most interesting experiences of my adult life," Cleese says. "My depressions haven't disappeared, but now I've learned to say, 'Here we go again,' and view them as inferior soap opera. I arrange my life better. I'm more intuitive about how my friends are feeling. If it hadn't been for the therapy, I don't think Connie and I could have done the second *Fawlty Towers* series. We had begun to see each other more objectively, which made a bridge for us while we were facing the fact that we might separate."

By some standards, his three and a half years in therapy is not a long time. "I once asked Woody Allen how his psychoanalysis was going after 25 years," Cleese recalls. "'Very slowly,' Woody told me."

Ever the teacher, Cleese has even turned his time on the couch into a form of training. He and Skynner spent two years taping their conversations, distilling them into a dialogue book with cartoons and jokes dealing with the problems of marriage, babies, teenagers, family relationships and dealing with authority. "Our first thought was to call the book *Kitchen Shrink,* because we taped a lot of it in the kitchen," Cleese says. It was published by Methuen as *Families And How To Survive Them,* selling 80,000 hard-cover copies in the first year and earning professional, as well as popular, raves. *The Second Half,* dealing with ageing, is the next book being developed by the Skynner-Cleese team.

"What John brought to the book," Skynner says, "was his skill in conveying information, in breaking down knowledge into simple, small building blocks. I couldn't get away with any jargon. He wouldn't let up, and there were moments when I realised I didn't know what I was talking about and had to go back to first principles."

After Cleese's 10-year marriage to Connie Booth dissolved in 1978, he married another American, Barbara Trentham, a former model, actress, TV reporter and producer. They live in London's fashionable Holland Park with their young daughter Camilla but have recently announced a separation. His teenage daughter, Cynthia, had a walk-on role as an extra in *Clockwise,* a recent Cleese film.

Looking back at his Video Arts work, Cleese says, "It seems to me that if I've got a useful role, it will simply be as a populariser. I really don't have all the answers. But I do have suspicions that certain directions are more profitable than others. If I can hint at those directions, and occasionally help to put ideas across — which is perhaps why I helped Robin write the psychiatry book — it seems to me to be a useful thing to do. And it also has the enormous advantage for me that I learn as I do it."

"There's little we can do, I'm afraid — it seems that farting in company is only a venial sin."

ELOISE

KIM BASINGER'S FILM DOUBLE LIVES LIFE ON THE DOUBLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

''I don't go for one-night stands. When there's love involved, that's when you want to get down on your knees afterward and say, 'God, that was GREAT!' ''

Picture Eloise Broady at the tender age of 15 — the young country girl dressed in virginal white, ready to walk down the aisle with her beau and tie the knot: the innocent, pretty, country bride naively condemning herself to a life of drudgery. Nowadays such a scenario seems so cliche'd that it comes over, well, like a scene from a movie.

So perhaps it's little wonder that here in 1988 we sit in a chic, big-city restaurant with the sophisticated Eloise Broady, listening as she describes how she escaped the horror movie of her teenage marriage to pursue a career on the silver screen. ''When I got married at 15, I still had braces on my teeth,'' she recalls. The marriage didn't work; the divorce left her peering at an ex-housewife in the mirror. ''It wasn't until then that I realised I was pretty,'' she says. ''I thought maybe it was time to listen to all those people telling me I ought to be a model, or that I should be an actress.''

"My sex life has been great since I turned 30. It's really true what they say about women — once we hit 30, we start going a little wild."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

''Being in Playboy is the biggest rush. I'm completely excited. But when people ask about it, I say 'You'll just have to wait and see.' ''

Finally, Eloise thought, what the hell, she'd give acting a go, because she really had nothing left to lose but her anonymity. She wound up in Austin, Texas, of all places, where she attended a ''cattle call'' for a movie part, and at the end of the day she'd won her first role in the Kris Kristofferson-Willie Nelson film *Songwriter.* Next came a gig as Kim Basinger's double in *Nadine.*

Last year Eloise packed her bags and her 10-year-old son and headed for Los Angeles. She wants to wow Hollywood and make the friends back home proud of her. ''I have been a wife and a mother,'' she says, sipping cappuccino. ''Now it's time for a little adventure.'' She says she'll steer clear of the fast lane. . . ''no craziness for Eloise''. . . and keeps her sights set on her dream destination: Oscar Night, 1993. ''I know it's a lot to hope that a country girl can win an Oscar,'' she says.''But you've got to have dreams.''

MAD, BAD SPEED (continued from page 55)

Frank Hawley: "If you are like most people, when the engine starts you will go brain dead."

and, most vivid of all, the awful worry just under your harness buckle that in a few seconds, when all galloping hell cuts loose, you are going to forget some crucial little piece of business and be dead.

The mind puts these things away for a reason.

The seatbelt I was doing up when I suffered that rush of remembering was on an aeroplane headed for drag racing's Mecca, the Drag Racing School in Gainsville, Florida. The airline belt felt like shoestring compared to the ones I'd worn two years before when I'd tried to drive one of the loud, slobbering monsters these people call Funny Cars. There's enough irony in that name to shred your ear drums from 100 metres away, and it's for sure that whoever coined it had never popped the clutch and stood on the gas in one of these things, because that's the kind of experience that can blow the word funny out of your vocabulary for a year.

"Pig," I thought as the jet took off down the runway and pressed me gently back in my seat.

Not that I needed to be getting cocky about it. I hadn't done all that well in my first attempts to drive a Funny Car. In fact, I worked on it for five days and didn't even get a full 400m run for my efforts. It didn't help that I went into mortal dread of the machine every time the pit crew started it, every time I thought about the violent trick these things are engineered to do. Top-end dragsters like the ones we were using can run the 400m in approximately six seconds. In order to do that they have to go from a dead standstill to 160km/h in just over one second, which is less time than it takes to *say* 160km/h. That's a violation of the law of inertia, pure and simple, and it doesn't take advanced physics to figure out that the weapon you're going to be driving to accomplish this little crime against nature isn't really an automobile. It's an explosion dressed up to *look* like an automobile. So, unless you're used to working with your butt strapped to a bomb, there's some fear to it.

I got the big fright on me early the first morning in the garage while I dressed. The car hadn't even been started. It was sitting there, as quiet as a museum piece, with its bright white fibreglass body cracked into the open position, showing off the monstrously beautiful geometry of its huge engine.

"Around 2,000 horsepower" one of the crew said, as he helped me on with my fire suit.

"That's big," I said, which is about as deep into motor-talk conversations as I can go. But if the numbers didn't mean much to me, at that moment I didn't need them to be convinced that I was warming up to do something serious. I was pulling on fireproof long-johns with a hood that covered everything but my eyes and nose, heavy quilted pants and jacket, high silvered boots, long silvered gloves, and a Darth Vader style helmet that immediately cut my air supply in half and scented it with the sharp stink of whatever it is that makes this gear impervious to blow-torch heat.

"People don't dress like this unless they're going off to flirt with something truly awful," I thought to myself as I waddled to the car. "If there are beekeepers in hell, *they* dress like this." I crawled up under the body and lowered myself into the tight aluminium bucket seat. My heart went into a hyper little trot as two of the crew adjusted the accelerator, the brake, and the little butterfly steering wheel to my reach. They fastened the wide shoulder and lap belts, and pulled until I was as small as they could make me, until it hurt. Then they dropped the body, locked it down, and suddenly all the air was gone. For a few seconds I thought I might pass out. When I didn't, I forced myself to breathe slowly, evenly, and I looked around. The massive drive shaft sat between my legs. The huge rear tyres sat 15cm from my ears. The big chrome supercharger blocked my view out the windshield. When the crew opened the body I hit the harness release with my fist, climbed out faster than I should have and then confessed that I'd almost panicked.

"It felt like I'd been bound and gagged and sealed in a plastic pod to die," I said.

"Wait till we turn it on," said one of the crew.

"The only thing we guarantee is that it's going to be harder than you think to drive these cars properly," Frank Hawley, founder of the Drag Racing School, told us in the opening classroom session before our first exercises in the car. I had absolutely no illusions that the experience was going to be easy for me, so I figured he was talking to my classmates. Both of them were dedicated amateur drag racers. They loved the sport and, though neither of them had ever driven anything near the size or power of the Funny Car, you could see in their eyes and hear in their voices that they were gung-ho for the chance to test themselves in the six-second machines. And because Hawley knows that the two greatest masculine illusions are, first, that they are good in bed and second, that they can drive anything, he spends the first hour or so with his students trying to talk the hot blood up out of their extremities and into their brains where it belongs.

"Driving a dragster is more a mental exercise than a physical one," he said. "It's not your reflexes that are most important here, it's decision time. How fast can you think? How aware are you? What kind of judgement do you have? Your previous experience isn't going to mean much. These cars are not like anything you've ever driven and if you don't believe me, that's all right, because humility is self-taught around here. If you are like most people, when the engine starts you will go brain dead. The first time you try to drive this car it could go off at a 30 degree angle — and you wouldn't know it."

On that note he cued a 20-minute video montage which is to drag racing what military sex education films are to sex. We watched as the *1812 Overture* played over clip after clip of dragsters veering out of their lanes into each other, going airborne, slamming the walls, then turning into firey smears, the middle of which — you knew as you watched — was occupied by a human being who was all of a sudden just another chunk of smoking shrapnel arching up out of the blast.

Somehow, the cameras get to these guys almost as soon as the safety crews. Incredibly, nobody in this grizzly video was killed or seriously injured, which meant that about the time these poor stunned bastards staggered free of the smoulderings and got their helmets off, somebody was putting a microphone in their faces, asking them what went wrong.

"I don't know. . . got a little crooked, but I thought I could get it back. Throttle mighta stuck, I'm not sure. . . got some tyre hop, I think. Yeah, I'm all right. Hurt my feelings more than anything else."

Hawley wasn't buying their explanations. The truth about every disaster in this film, he said, was that the driver could have saved himself and his car by simply taking his foot off the accelerator at the first sign of trouble. He used the slow motion and stop action buttons to show us what he meant.

"Right here," he said as the car on the screen pulled just a hair left in the first micro-second off the line. "You see that little puff of tyre smoke on the left side? He felt that, and he should have known he was in trouble *right here.* He thought he could get back in shape but watch what happens when he corrects. *Now* look at the angle he's on, and he still hasn't let up. Now he's sideways." We watched as the slow motion camera stretched two seconds to 10, as a time-lapse fireball obliterated all sight of man and machine. "And these cars don't drive sideways too well," said Hawley, and the way he said it, told you that he has been *in* this particular movie. In 1982, driving a car called the Chi-town Hustler, Hawley won the National Hot Rod Association Funny Car World Champi-onship. And he did it again in 1983. "Remember this," he told us just before we stepped into the 40 degree heat of the Florida morning for our first dry run. "Make sure your right foot is attached to your brain at all times."

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It's hard to say what your brain is attached

BACK ISSUES

ISSUE	PLAYMATE	INTERVIEW	SPECIAL FEATURES
JAN '84	Veronica Gamba	Mr Justice Michael Kirby	Joan Collins, Orson Welles
FEB '84	Penny Baker	John Farnham	Chappelli on Cricket Tactics
APR '84	Dona Speir	Derryn Hinch	The Betrayal of John Lennon
JUNE '84	Conie Pound	Peter Brock	Dick Smith, Grant Kenny
JUL '84	Tricia Lange	Ian Sinclair	Sex Therapy in Australia
AUG '84	Sigrid Ortner	Richard Neville	Death Of A Blues Brother
OCT '84	Kirsten Ottlewski	Shirley Maclaine	Cocaine, Tom Carroll
NOV '84	Debi Johnson	Gerald Stone	Girls Of Melbourne
JAN '85	Lisa Maher	Paul McCartney	Joe Bugner, The Great Pine Gap Con Job
FEB '85	Connie Dachs	Geoffrey Blainey	Single Man's Guide To Asia, Playmate Bloopers
MAY '85	Cindy Brooks	Austen Tayshus	Mark Jackson, The Girls Of Sydney
JUN '85	Elizabeth Aguilar	Boy George	Rat Race Diet, Greg Evans
JUL '85	Britta Hoppe	John Button	How To Live With A Woman
AUG '85	Andrea Engel	John Laws	The Making Of An Oz Porn Movie
OCT '85	Yvonne Jaeger	Brian Toohey	Australia's First Grand Prix
NOV '85	Shirley-Jane Mercier	Niki Lauda	Jerry Hall, Rosanna Arquette
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to as you sit behind the wheel waiting for the pit crew to start the engine for the first time. There's a checklist to run through, hand signals to remember, and the controls are arranged in a way that makes perfect sense if you know what you're doing and no sense at all if you don't: hand brake on the right and you have to push on it, but whatever you do don't pull the trigger that's spliced to it because that sets off the fire bottle in the engine which costs $250 to refill and you'll have to pay for it. . . unless there's a fire, of course; fuel shut-off lever on the left; reverser handle between your legs; parachute lever on the roof over your head; gear shift buttons on the steering wheel which doesn't look or feel at all like the wheel on your mother's Buick, but is, at least, where it ought to be, as are the clutch and the accelerator.

Hawley stands out front and to the left of the car which is on blocks for the first exercise. One of the crew hooks the heavy starter to the front of the engine, while a second gets ready to squirt alcohol into the fuel injector from a plastic bottle. Then all three of them look at your eyes as if they were gauges, as if their lives depended on their seeing the right mix of fear and focus in there. You nod, they pull the trigger, Hawley plugs his ears and watches as the angriest roar you've ever heard shakes your bones and bowels, as his prediction comes perfectly true under your helmet — BRAIN DEATH.

The exercise was simple. On signal, we were to release the clutch, and give it just enough gas to roll the tyres forward, use the brake to stop them, put it in reverse, roll the tyres backward, then put it forward again, then gun it three times so that we could feel the short, delicate temper of the accelerator. Simple. Except that nothing is simple while your brain is awash in adrenalin, while your body is reading every sensation as a death threat, especially the noise. I never did find out how many decibels there are in the roar of a 2000 horse power engine, but decibels would be too clinical a measurement anyway. This noise hurts, promises mayhem and draws the coward up out of you in ways that need an earthier description than will ever come out of a laboratory. If you can imagine yourself surrounded by all the Hells Angels who ever lived, gunning their Harleys, looking at your girlfriend, you'll have some idea of the way a Funny Car sounds.

By the time Hawley drew his fingers across his throat in the signal that means "Shut it off," I was a mess. I was breathing like I'd run a mile, I'd sweated through my underwear from hood to ankle elastic, and along with my fumbling and hesitation I'd made a serious mistake by using my right hand on the reverser which meant I had to take it off the brake. My classmates hadn't done much better and Hawley used the quiet, military style that lurks just below his articulate good humor to dress us down.

"I have to ask myself," he said, "if this guy can't follow a few simple procedures, why would I send him down the track at 300kays?"

The car was taken off its blocks and the body was attached for the next exercise which was exactly like the first except that now we were actually driving the car — a metre or so forward and back — which meant we were working with the equivalent of live ammunition.

I'd expected it to be a little less terrifying the second time in the seat, but I was dreaming. When the body was locked down there was the claustrophobia to deal with, along with the lonely sense that if anything went haywire — stuck throttle, my hand off the brake at the wrong moment — it was all going to end badly somewhere in the piney woods that flanked the track down past the finish line. I actually rolled through the whole thing fairly smoothly. Still, my favorite moment in the whole business was when I pushed the fuel shut-off forward, the rpms rose and then died, filling the air with sweet silence.

The last business of the afternoon was a gentle drive-around, from the starting line down the track to a turnoff at the first of the escape roads, then back to the garage. I

If you imagine yourself surrounded by all the Hells Angels who ever lived, gunning their Harleys, you'll have some idea how a Funny Car sounds.

gingered the machine up to about 100km/h. It handled well and I probably would have felt even better than I did about it if I'd had the throttle open more than about one-eighth.

•

When I arrived at the track the next morning the first thing I saw was the crew forcing the spring-loaded twin parachutes into their packages on the rear of the car. In the classroom, the first thing Hawley said was, "Doing a proper burn-out is probably the hardest thing you'll learn at this school."

Burn-outs are a crucial piece of drag racing theatre in which the driver pulls through a puddle of water to the starting line, hits the throttle, and spins a driven plume of white smoke off the rear tyres, as the car moves 20 or 30 metres down the track in a kind of slow motion power skid. The purpose of the manoeuvre is to heat the tyres and the track; to lay strips of rubber on the pavement so that when you back up exactly on to them the car will have the perfect adhesive traction of rubber on rubber and can make a cat-like start without any tyre spin at all.

It was going to take finesse on the accelerator, Hawley told us, and a lot of steering — small quick corrections, no big jerky moves — to stay straight. "It's like driving on ice with full power at 160km/h," he said as he talked us through the technique. Too much throttle can blow the engine. Too little can cause the tyres to catch and sling you right or left into the concrete retaining wall.

I tried to take notes as I watched my classmates try their first burn-outs. I ducked away from the roar, watched the tyres skinny up as they began to spin, I ate the bitter white smoke, saw them let up almost immediately as they felt the force of what was happening, then stop and back up hesitantly. But I didn't get any of that into the notebook. All I wrote was the word FEAR on a page all its own.

Hawley had told us that it takes half your brain to be afraid and as I pulled my helmet on I thought, yeah, and the other half is entirely taken up with trying to find an excuse for not doing this thing: stomach ache, temporary blindness, loss of motor control, chest pains. Finally though, the only feeling worse than suffering the fear is giving in to it, and maybe it's a good thing, or else no one would ever have eaten the first potato, much less let themselves be strapped into a machine like this.

The crew rolled me through the water, started the engine, and I gave them thumbs up. Hawley motioned me forward a bit, then gave me the "whenever you're ready" signal and moved back. I sat for a long moment with a hand on the wheel and a hand on the brake. Then I hit it, and a storm of sensation blew away all thought as the car rose, filled with smoke, and moved slowly out, though it didn't sound slow, or feel that way. Almost instantly, some electric survival signal pulled my foot up, the tyres caught, the car hooked violently left, then coasted a hundred metres down the track to a gentle stop. I sat with my hand on the brake wondering if I'd done everything I was supposed to do, trying to remember what came next. I put it in reverse and backed slowly, using the centre line to guide on. Thirty metres from the starting line, Hawley appeared in front of the car and pointed his finger right and left until I rolled on to the stubby little tracks I'd left.

A while later we stood over our crooked tracks while Hawley read them like an Indian. All three of us had let up too soon, and none of us had done any steering as the cars squirrelled off the line. In fact, I'd spent my two seconds of panic with only one hand on the wheel, although I had no memory of that. As soon as I'd punched it, my right hand had evidently decided it had business on the brake and went over there by itself.

On my second and third attempts I did a little better at getting my various body parts to do what my brain was asking of them during the burn-out: still short, still crooked, but less timid. On the fourth try, however, Hawley upped the ante by telling us that when we backed into our tracks this time, he wanted us to make our first start. Take it about 15 metres out, he said.

I let up too quickly on the burn-out, again, but this time it wasn't reflexive. I just over-finessed it. I backed into my tracks, pulled forward exactly to the starting line, and made my final cockpit checks. Then I watched the

light tree: Yellow, GREEN — "punch it," I told myself, but the message took a long confused second to get to my foot, and when I did step into it, mind and body were out of synch, which meant that when the almost instantaneous three g force hit me, I pretty much took it for the end of the world. The next thing I knew I was rolling to a stop. And I remember saying to myself, out loud, "Mother of God."

"How far do you think your run was?" Hawley asked me as I pulled my shaking body out of the machine.

"About 15 metres?"

"Two," he said.

•

Terror will do that, of course; make two metres seem like 15. But even fear wears itself out by its own heat, and sooner than you'd expect, even the most threatening experiences are returned to the cooler hemispheres of the brain where two metres is two metres again, where the violence and the noise are just the weather in this particular part of the forest.

The next morning when I got into the car I was still afraid and I still made mistakes, but I knew what they were before Hawley told me and as my fear dwindled I began to feel the subtleties that lay just below the fury of the machine. The natural tendency to stomp on the accelerator and wrestle with the wheel gave way to smaller, smoother moves and the car responded as if it had been holding out for me to stop yelling and ask quietly. The time contained in a second seemed to double and then double again.

Hawley lengthened my leash run by run: from 30 to 100 to 250 metres. And by my last afternoon I was jacked, ready for a full power, sub-seven second, two parachute ride, and I think I might have had it if one of drag racing's nasty little mechanical spooks hadn't overtaken me.

My burn-out was long, and smooth and straight, and as I pulled back and sat on the rubber it left, I felt like the monster in the monster. At the green light I stepped into it and the car blew off the line so hard that it cracked my helmet into the back of the roll cage and I lost sight of the track for an instant, but I didn't let up and three seconds later I had speed I couldn't believe. . . then, without warning, the car shook so violently that I was sure it was in the first seconds of an explosion. Everything went white, my foot came off the pedal, and a moment later I was rolling smoothly again, coasting. I crossed the finish line at about 160km/h, with a time around ten seconds, having done at least a quarter of the run without power.

"Tyre shake," said Hawley when I asked him about it. "Happens sometimes. The tyres actually come out of round. Sometimes you can drive through it, sometimes you can't. You did the right thing by getting off it."

•

It wasn't so much a sense of failure that kept me from writing the story when I got back. Real failure always makes a good tale. But what I'd made was a nice try, and no matter how I worked trying to put that into words I couldn't keep it from violating the wisdom of the theatre that says if you hang a gun over the fireplace in act one, it had better go off in act three. Even if it takes two years.

•

"Sure," said Hawley when I asked him if I could come back and take the course again. "We'll get you a fast ride this time."

•

The school had prospered while I was away. Nearly 300 students had left their rubber signatures on the starting line since I'd left mine. And there was new equipment: Along with the Funny Car, there were two petrol-powered racers, and an alcohol dragster, the long needle-nosed cars sometimes called rails.

After the fireball video, Hawley talked about the difference between fast and quick. "Speed by itself doesn't mean much," he said. "You came down here on an airplane at 650km/h, eating dinner. Quick is something else, and it doesn't necessarily have

"This is better than sex, no contest," said one of my classmates. I couldn't quite make the connection for myself, but it seemed an inevitable comparison.

anything to do with speed. Houseflies are slow — 7km/h top speed — but if you've ever tried to catch one, you know they're quick. And it's the quickness you'll notice in these cars. Takes a Camiro 17 seconds to go from zero to 160km/h. A Lamborghini, ten and a half seconds. A dragster using nitro for fuel will do it in right around one second, and the driver will take a force of six g's off the line. We use methanol in these cars, so you're only going to pull about three g's in there. But you *will* notice it."

From my first moment in the rail I liked it better than the Funny Car. Its longer wheel base gave the ride a more stable arrow-like personality, and there was something reassuring about having the engine behind me instead of in my face. Sitting there in the open air with a clean sight down the low pointy nose of the machine gave me a feeling that I was aimed at the finish line in a way you just don't get at the wheel of the Funny Car. It was as if they'd started me out driving a pit bull and moved me over to a snake.

Anyway, I've always thought of the rail as the no-frills pure-breed dragster. This is the car that Joe Amato high-balled to a world record 282 mph (450 km/h) in 5.2 seconds at the US Nationals in 1987. And Amato had done more that day than just travel faster than any drag racer before him. He'd also come up with the best description I'd ever heard of what this sport has always been reaching for.

"We got this out of the movie *Spaceballs*," he told a reporter the day he broke the record. "When one of the funny looking guys said to the other guy, 'We're gonna put it on warp-drive.' He said, 'No. I don't want warp-drive, I want ludicrous speed.' So every time we talked about going fast over in our pit, we said we're gonna go at ludicrous speed."

"This is better than sex, no contest," said one of my classmates.

"At least as good," said another.

I couldn't quite make the connection for myself, but it seemed like an inevitable and harmless enough comparison. As long as you don't start telling your troubles to a dragster, as long as you don't finish with your lover in six seconds.

"The things we adjust to," I thought as I sat with one hand on the wheel, the other on the brake, waiting for the lights, eager, happy, just exactly frightened enough. I got off the line beautifully. I saw everything — the wall next to me, the end of the track, the blur of trees. I hit the shift button 30 metres out, and from there on all I did was hold it straight and ride what felt like some huge, magnetic suck tide. Three quarters of the way there, I took one hand off the wheel and got it on the parachute lever behind my right ear. I was going so fast that only an act of faith kept my foot down, and maybe the most unbelievable thing about the whole shot was that when I crossed the finish line going something like 100 m a second, *the car was still accelerating*, still wanting more, and in that moment I swear it felt as if we were nearing some great rip in the universe the other side of which the laws of physics don't apply. I popped my foot up, jerked the parachute free and when it caught the air a second later it felt as if the hand of God had grabbed me by the collar. These cars slow down as quickly as they take off. Which was just fine with me. I got on the brake, and 200 metres later I rolled to a stop, shut the engine down, and then just sat there in the perfect stillness. Breathing. Toes buzzing.

Hawley pulled up in his truck about 30 seconds later. He had a big smile on his face, and when I was on the seat next to him he said, "I can't wait to see how you describe *that* feeling."

"I'm not sure there are any words to bring back from that zone," I told him.

Later when he passed out our diplomas he said, "It's always irritating when these media types come down here and turn in the best times of the week." The little card he handed me said I'd done the quarter in 7.264 seconds, at 297 km/h.

Since then, of course, I've had time to put my run in some perspective. I mean, Joe Amato could have given me a two-second head start and blown past me on the finish as if I were the sound from the event and he were the light. Still, ludicrous is ludicrous.

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NORMIE ROWE

(continued from page 33)

One of the things I'm enjoying about Les Miserables is that it's a jealousy-free environment.

reporter once that I was going because how else would I be able to find out whether we should be there or not? I'd never believed my own publicity, let alone anyone else's.

PLAYBOY: But you don't chop off your foot to experience being a cripple.

ROWE: You don't, but if you're going to be in the army anyway. . .

PLAYBOY: What kind of emotional response do you have to movies like *Platoon*?

ROWE: It's a very American experience and I think it's also a hybrid of the experiences of a lot of different platoons. The difference between us and the Americans was that they were thrown into action six weeks after they started basic training, whereas we went through almost a year of very specialised training. If you didn't want to go to Vietnam all you had to do was fail the jungle training course at Kanungra. That was it. You didn't go. Kanungra was the hardest physical grind of my life. It taught me a lot about myself, things like when I think I've reached my limit I've actually got two-thirds left. But getting back to the movies, my own feeling is that the definitive Australian experience in Vietnam has yet to be portrayed.

PLAYBOY: What about Kennedy Miller's *Vietnam*?

ROWE: Bland. They wanted to cover it from all aspects, I suppose. But I've spoken to people who were involved in the Moratorium and the whole thing was much more passionate than they showed it. Also the portrayals of the soldiers were inaccurate. We just weren't allowed to do the things they showed. I know they had military advisers but perhaps they should have talked to the diggers rather than the officers.

PLAYBOY: What's your view of this whole genre of film that's emerged in the past few years? Is it navel-gazing or is it important to look back?

ROWE: Oh yeah, it's important. We have to be aware of what it is to commit men to a situation like that. We have to be aware of the human responsibility. You see, for the great majority of us who fought in Vietnam, that experience has been one of the — if not the — major experiences of our lives. And yet for somewhere between 19 and 25 years we have had to live with the fact that most people thought that experience was a waste of time. Your self-esteem gets chipped away. I believe we have to weigh all that up very carefully before we send people away again.

PLAYBOY: In 20 years time how would you advise your son Sam in similar circumstances?

ROWE: I would ask him to be sure that the cause was just and that the people who were sending him were sincere, and finally, would they die for him? If he answered in the affirmative, I'd say, son, it's up to you but I'd prefer you didn't go. [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: What kind of emotional scars did you bring home?

ROWE: My self-esteem had taken a bit of a battering but I was in the fortunate position of being able to go out and sing a few songs and people would applaud me. The main thing was that I never felt the way I feel now about being a Vietnam veteran. I feel bloody proud of it. I'm proud of my medals, the whole thing. When I start talking about being a veteran my emotions bubble to the surface. There's just such a strong bond between us now, and a lot of it has come in the past 12 months. We know we can depend on each other, and how many people have got that?

PLAYBOY: When you came back you seemed a little at odds with the rock generation. In 1970 you wrote: "I don't dig all these protest marches." Was that from the heart?

ROWE: Yeah, for a radical I'm pretty conservative. [*laughs*] Actually that was one of the reasons I couldn't get back into rock'n'roll. I felt that most of those people out there marching were being led like sheep.

PLAYBOY: But you didn't stop there. You were slightly to the right of Genghis Khan on a whole range of issues. Was that really you?

ROWE: Yeah, and it still is really. I'm not so right wing I'd vote for the Liberals but that is me. I felt a great deal of sympatico with Don Chipp but I don't think I can go along with the Democrats now. I believe we should conserve our resources, replant and replenish, and I also believe we should protect our shores. I don't understand how we can complain about Russia going into Afghanistan and then allow Indonesia to run riot in East Timor.

PLAYBOY: Were the '70s hard years for you?

ROWE: From time to time. I became a bit of a plodder. I didn't have much directon and yet my goal became security. It wasn't until the late '70s that I realised that security was all in the mind. You could be flat broke and totally secure. My first marriage broke up and I signed everything over to my wife. All I had was a lease on a car, a guitar and some stage clothes. I felt great. I realised that I'd wasted 10 years chasing something I didn't need.

PLAYBOY: During that period your son Adam was tragically killed in a road accident. Did that have a marked effect on your approach to life?

ROWE: Absolutely. Since I came back from Vietnam I'd been living a kind of non-productive existence. I wasn't making myself happy and I wasn't making the people around me happy. The jolt of his death enabled me to stand back and look at myself. The romance had long gone out of my marriage and I already knew Jo [*Rowe's second wife*]. We were different. We could talk. I had a $1500 sound system in my car and when Jo was with me I never turned it on.

Jo gave me the strength to do all the things I'd wanted to do but somehow held back on. I was able to tackle the business end of my job and really make it work for me. In the early '80s I was the most efficient cabaret artist working in Australia. I earned less than a Barry Crocker or a Kamahl but I worked more and my net figure wouldn't have been very different. We lived in a beautiful apartment on the Gold Coast and I flew around the country doing very well-organised little seasons in Perth or Darwin or whatever. The arse fell out of the cabaret business and it didn't even affect me. Things kept getting better and better while the economy got worse. I suppose I fell into a state of false security, and then it hit me. I dropped about $40,000 worth of venues a year. I could ride it out or do something constructive. With Jo's support I did the latter. We sold our Gold Coast apartment at a loss, moved into a bedsitter in Sydney and I went to acting school at the Ensemble Theatre.

PLAYBOY: You've proven you can act. Have you formulated a plan for the future yet?

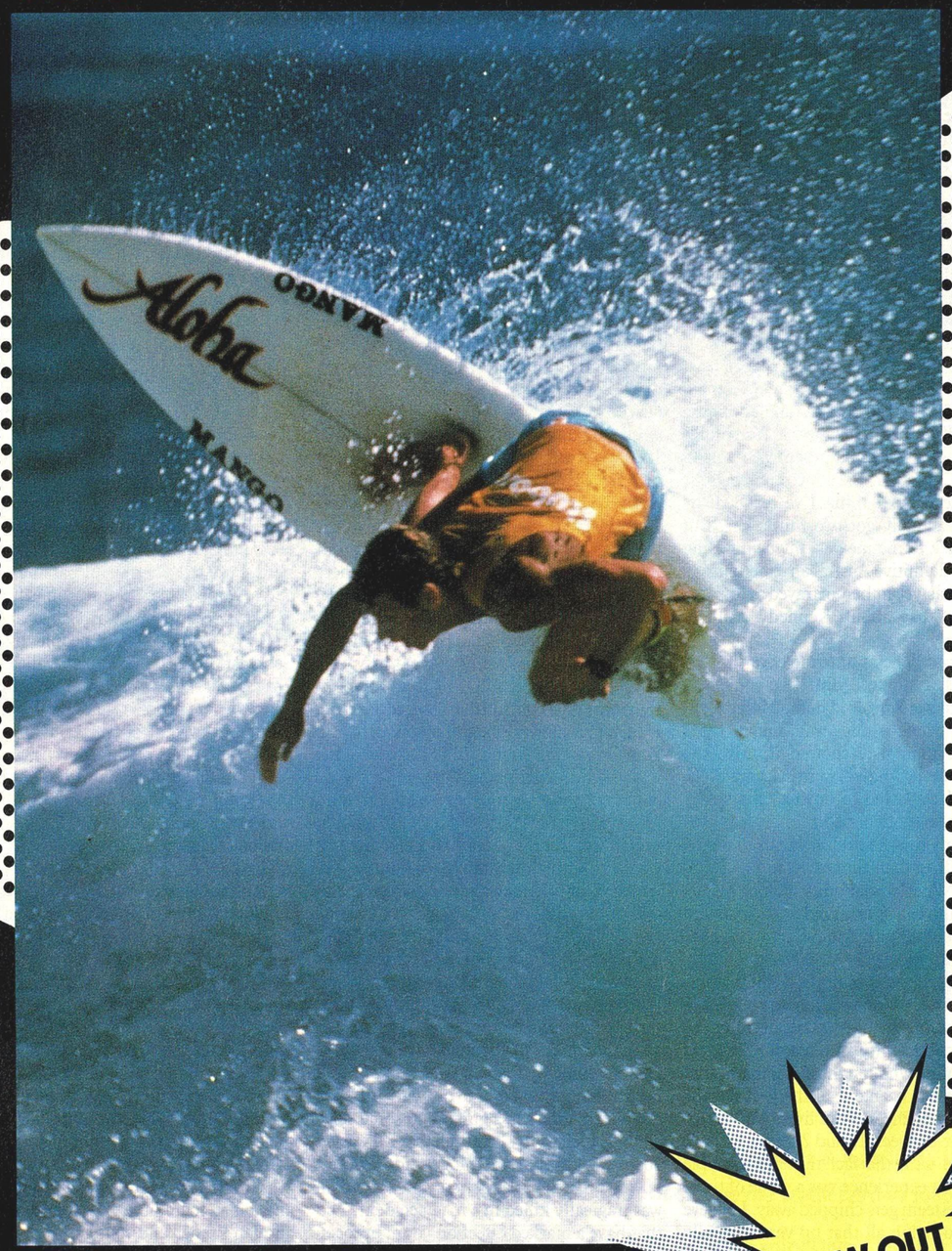
ROWE: One of the things I'm enjoying about *Les Miserables* is that it's a jealousy-free environment. I'm learning so much because people are so generous in passing on their skills. I hope before the season is finished I will have become a commercially viable actor. I'd love to work with people like Fred Schepisi. I'd also like to play Valjean in the West End or on Broadway or on tour somewhere, where people wouldn't say, oh, that's Normie Rowe the rock star, where they'd judge me solely on my performance. Oh yeah, and maybe one day I'll move back to the Gold Coast. I love the boating life.

PLAYBOY: Several times over these interview sessions you've been emotionally moved when discussing last year's Welcome Home March for Vietnam veterans. You were one of the organisers and clearly it's been a landmark in your life. What, for you, was the highlight?

ROWE: For a start I was one of many. I was a cog and one of my responsibilities was to bribe, cajole and do whatever had to be done to get the veterans to Sydney for that march. They had to feel what I felt in April last year when I visited my old unit which is now stationed in Townsville. A friend of mine took me to see the memorial stone there, which is like a small Veteran's Wall (in Washington DC). I looked at all the names and felt an incredible grief for Keith Dewer and Ian French and young Casey and all the blokes who didn't come back. I was just overcome with emotion and I realised that I'd started to come home.

When we flooded the Domain with tears last October I realised that we'd all finally come home.

NO WAVES-NO SURF!



waves
MAGAZINE

NOW OUT MONTHLY

A TIME TO KILL *(continued from page 37)*

A shot thundered inside the car. Blood spurted over me. I screamed as the burning was like hot fire.

hamburger joint. I ran into the bathroom, covered in blood, to wash.

I felt panic burning, a rushing like a whirlwind inside my aching brain and body. My fear was real as life, sheer terrifying fear pulsating through my demented, twisted, painful body.

What's happening to me? I thought to myself. My son wants to come back and sure as hell I want him to be back with me. I looked into the mirror. My son was there, saying, "Daddy, you're doing what we have to do, don't you want me to come home and be with you?"

I was talking to him, but no words were coming out. But for sure I was talking to my son. The talk was loud enough for everyone to hear but no one was listening, nor were they hearing us.

Then there were people all around me and my son. Hundreds of them in the bathroom with us. I wonder if they were really in there with us anyway.

Maybe no one was in there at all. . . ?

Oh, man I've got to get out of here, something's not right here!

"Five more, dad. . . "

All the blood was washed from me by this time and I had to get home, I had to get home to get it all together. Or at least try.

It should have only taken 20 minutes to get home. I don't even know if it did take that long, I don't really know if I cared anyway.

I rushed inside on a high freak-out. . . I needed a shot real bad, man.

Explosion. . . Power. . . No fear now. All the bogie men were gone from my body. The dust was working. Wow. . . so many spaced-out things happening in my brain.

What happened was real; or was it? Or just maybe it didn't happen? Yeah, it sure did happen, man. A nightmare in reality; yet. . . I don't know if I were in tune with reality. . .?

"Carol, what's happening to me, man?" I asked.

"I don't know what's got into you, Arch," Carol said to me.

"Oh man, I need my son back so bad, I need him back with me like so fucking crazy. I want and need to bring him back. . . he's not happy, Carol. I've got to do the right thing by him, eh?"

"Hey, Julie," I said.

"Yeah, Arch," answered Julie.

"You and Mick go and get a car from somewhere for us," I said.

"What do you want a car for, Arch?" Mick asked me.

"We'll just cruise around and trip out of this planet, man," I said.

"Okay, man, me and Oyster [*Julie*] will go out and get you a car. Any type in particular?"

"A car, man, a fucking car, man." I went into some spaced-out car routine and even turned into a car or something. . . I started to act like a car and made all the noises and brake-screeching sounds like a car makes.

Heaps later they got back with a car. Mick ran in and said, "Let's go, Arch. . . Julie's down in the car holding a knife on the guy who owns the car."

"What the fucking hell did you bring the fucking guy back here for, man?" I shouted.

"For you, Archie," Mick replied.

"Why? You goddamn moron, you!" I said. "He'll know where we live now. You'd be fucking dangerous if you had half a brain, man. What are we going to do with him now, you fuckwit?"

It was like I was living in a time-warp. . . not on this planet, but in. . . I don't really know where.

●

"Let's go, man," I said to Mick.

Down to the car we went. From the house to the roadway was a steep hill with about 50 steps. Heavy draining thoughts gnawing at me on the long way down to the car and the stranger in the car. People, women, children, all these visions of babies dying in horrific terrifying ways. My mind was drifting. . . fear was upon me. . . feelings of so much misunderstood happenings of past and future. . .

"Shake it off, Archie," I was thinking to myself. My brain was hot-wiring itself back to now or that's what I felt was going on deep down. Deep thoughts hammering into my brain. . . "Yes, son. . . all's fine with me." I was wondering if there was any other way to bring my son back to me.

"Get into the back seat, Mr Barnes, driving instructor," I said to the man who owned the car. (The third victim was 24-year-old Evangelos Kollias.) The car had a "Barnes Driving School" sign on the roof.

After the man got in the back seat, I told him to get down on the floor and go to sleep. I told him that I wanted his car to do my in-laws for the death of my son and they lived at Blacktown. "Stay cool, man, you won't get hurt if you're cool, man. Go to sleep and shut your goddamn fucking mouth."

I told Julie to go and get Dick from the house and stay inside herself. Mick, myself and the man who owned the car were all sitting inside the car when Dick came down.

Driving along, the night was so filled with confusion, thinking about nothing. . . crazy thoughts of the night.

"Oh man, I don't want this. . . my beautiful son is dead, but he's alive somewhere and he is depending on me to bring him back to this side of the grave. Hey you, are you awake in the back there, man?" I asked, "Mr Barnes driving instructor?"

"Yes," the guy replied. "You're not going to hurt me, are you mister?"

"I just want your car, man, so be cool and you won't get hurt, man," I said.

We hit the suburb of Merrylands in Sydney's west. Somehow we ended up in a dead-end street.

"Sit up in the back seat and don't say a fucking word," someone said to the guy. As he sat up a shot thundered inside the car. . . blood spurted all over me. . . I screamed, as the burning was like hot fire.

"Get him out of here. Get him the fuck out of the fucking car, man. What the fucking hell you doing?" I sang out.

"That's three now, Arch," a voice said to me.

"I wasn't going to kill him. . . he's my son. . . nothing to do with fucking anyone else," I screamed.

"For Christ's sake, Archie, calm down, man. Don't freak out on us now, Arch," Mick said.

I screamed out in animalistic rage, sheer, total, maniacal rage. "Get him out of the car, now."

Sitting there I was thinking I should kill these two dumb dead-shits.

Oh man, get your head space back in order. Don't lose it now, think about what's happening to you, man. . . Duster Cloud is on a downer real fast. My brain is talking to me. . . I hear all this talk going on and not really hearing or understanding what's being said.

"Get me out of this hell," I said to them. We drove backwards and as we did, the car went over the fucking dead man's body. Oh, fuck. . .

"What're you fucking doing?" I said.

Forward again. . . over the body. . . my tormented brain snapped.

I picked up the gun and stuck it to the driver's head. The damn gun was empty. How lucky was his life or death at that very moment!

"Home," I said.

The night was heavy, the night was. . .

We arrived home, into my room alone. . . I had to get by myself and sort out my reality. Get it all back inside where it was supposed to be. Screaming. . . alone in my own space. My son's voice telling me to kill.

"Four more, Daddy. . . just four more and I will come home and be with you always, by your side."

"Please leave me alone, just for a while? I love you, son, but just leave me alone. . . Help! I need a shot so bad, man. Darling, get in here, get your arse into gear," I called.

"What do you want?" she asked me.

"Fix me up real fast. I can't get it together myself right now."

"How much do you want this time, Arch?" she asked.

"Whatever, man, whatever. . . just hurry it up, eh,?" I said.

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS

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ALLOW 4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

Over the next several days I stayed at the house and tried to escape into my own world, my underwater garden. A place where I was safe and at peace. Freedom, adventure and sweet wonderful peacefulness.

I tried extremely hard to switch off and out from this planet to my own private underwater place. . . A night of insanity had taken place, I had crossed over to some other part of life. . . a part of life that had been coming since the death of my baby, my son. . .

●

This horrific, brutal part of my life cannot be ever erased from my memory. . . it got me life imprisonment.

I am guilty of murder through some form of mental sickness. . . through the incompetence of doctors.

The inevitable happened: the law of averages took over and me and the others were arrested. Relief, frustration, a feeling of contentment at the words: "Don't move a fucking muscle, McCafferty. . ."

In the year that followed, McCafferty was in and out of court. At his sensational trial at Sydney's Central Criminal Court he said: "On the Thursday that I was apprehended I had intentions of killing Rick Webster as I heard the voices tell me to do so, and anyone else that the voices told me to kill I would kill, till I reached the figure seven". In fact for many years after until only a few years ago McCafferty still had the insane urge to reach that number, the lucky number tattooed on each of his hands. His de facto wife, Carol Howes, was the only one who didn't go to jail after the all-male jury acquitted her on a charge of murdering Ronald Cox. A few months after the trial she gave birth to McCafferty's second son.

McCafferty has become so institutionalised that he's probably the most well-known prisoner throughout the NSW prison system. He has been attacked and close to death many times. In 1981, he was charged over one of the four notorious Parramatta Jail murders. Police allege he was part of a secret "murder squad" who held their own court behind the old stone walls. He was found guilty of the manslaughter of a fellow prisoner and was sentenced to a further 14 years imprisonment.

A contract has been placed on his head and he is housed in the country's only "supergrass" jail, the Witness Protection Unit. McCafferty has committed the worst crime of all — in prison terms... sung like a canary, informing on fellow inmates.

Since 1973 his life has been strongly influenced by "head shrinks". He laughs at the NSW Health Department's on-going dilemma with its mental hospitals. He asks how many people will either take their own lives or someone else's because the mental institutions will no longer care for the mentally ill.

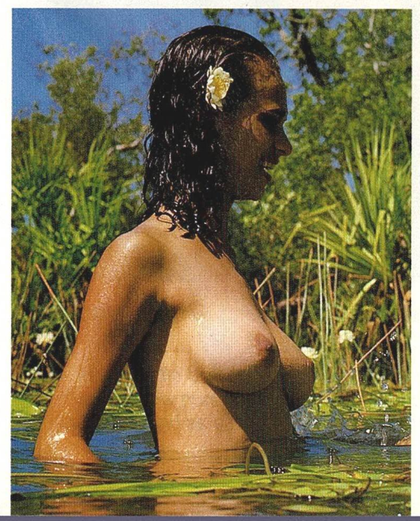
McCafferty stresses: "I am not Charles Manson and never have I wanted to be this person or anything like him. I am not a guru and at no time was I the official leader of this group of misfits."

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

What's happening where and who's making it happen.

Compiled by Peter Olszewski

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARRY WEBB



GETTING WARM

Okay gang, armed with the knowledge that it's cool for southerners to be warm in winter, be informed that it's now also cool to holiday in the Northern Territory. Darwin and environs offer all the tropical delights usually promised by the tourist brochures, but there's more for the discerning traveller.

For example, you might stumble across a sight like this — two Darwinites enjoying themselves in a crocodile-proof lake. Leaping out of the water for the sheer hell of it is model Simone Campbell, 24. Her "bloodline" is a bit of a mix: Aboriginal, Afghan and Scottish. When her mother was born to an Aboriginal woman and an Afghan camel driver, the tribe put her on an antheap to die because she was half-caste. But other Aboriginals took her to an orphanage which is fortunate because otherwise we would not have been blessed with Simone.

There's more to the North than *Crocodile Dundee*, and if you want to follow the sun this summer, ring the Northern Territory Government Tourist Bureau in your State. They're continually organising new deals to get you a cheaper, more interesting holiday.

CROWDED HOUSE: SET FOR A FULL HOUSE IN THE US.

The US *Playboy* Music Report is one of the most influential rock polls in America — readers from across the US vote for who they consider to be the record-breaking record sellers and the hottest acts. As often happens, the readers' choice can be far more accurate than the critics' choice, and when US *Playboy* readers vote Aussie band Crowded House as "Best New Artist" you can bet that the band is about to hit its straps in the good ol' US of A.

During 1987 US record sales showed a trend toward the "golden oldies", and this has also been reflected in Australian sales. Someone somewhere decided it was time to re-examine rock'n'roll. George Harrison, Robbie Robertson and Eric Clapton were big on the rebound and even old hipsters such as the Grateful Dead enjoyed success. Remakes of old hits hit US and Australian turntables: The Supremes' *You Keep Me Hangin' On* sung by Kim Wilde and Tommy James's *Mony Mony* by Billy Idol were two biggies. Legendary Chuck Berry starred in one of '87's best rock movies, *Hail Hail Rock And Roll*, produced by Chuck's legendary fan, Keith Richards. Madonna look-alikes crawled out of the recording studios, but the real thing, Madonna herself, ruled the roost and has been voted into the Hall Of Fame as *Playboy*'s readers choice for 1988.

Crowded House: Best New Artist In US

Don't shut the door on this band — it will be open house in the record sales department.

Whitney Houston: Best Dressed Artist of '87

Darlin' Whitney, she of the tight-fitting frocks, is so goddamned cute a Mars Bar wouldn't melt in her mouth. This God-fearing girl sells up a storm, but maybe it's time she got down and got dirty.

Samantha Fox: Best Undressed Artist of '87

Sam's packed her breasts away, packed off her Aussie lover Peter Foster, and hopes to pack a punch with record sales. Unfortunately her records aren't quite as big as her breasts.

Madonna: Into The Hall Of Fame

She's almost 30, but she's won the navel battle and is now Serious Business.

THE YEAR'S BEST

BEST ROCK LP
Joshua Tree
U2

BEST R&B LP
Strong Persuader
Robert Cray

BEST JAZZ LP
Kenny G

BEST COUNTRY LP
Randy Travis

BEST ROCK SONG
Dead Or Alive
Bon Jovi

BEST R&B SONG
Smoking Gun
Robert Cray

BEST JAZZ COMPOSITION
Songbird
Kenny G

BEST COUNTRY SONG
Forever & Ever, Amen
Randy Travis

BEST DRIVING SONG
Here I Go Again
Whitesnake

BEST MAKE OUT SONG
I Want Your Sex
George Michael

TOP PERFORMERS

FEMALE VOCALIST
Pop/rock, R&B and Jazz
Whitney Houston

MALE VOCALIST
Pop/rock
Bono

GROUP
Pop/rock
U2

INSTRUMENTALIST
Pop/rock and R&B
Phil Collins

MALE VOCALIST
R&B
Prince

GROUP
R&B
Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam

MALE VOCALIST
Jazz
Al Jarreau

INSTRUMENTALIST
Jazz
Herbie Hancock

GROUP
Jazz
Sting

MALE VOCALIST
Country
Randy Travis

FEMALE VOCALIST
Country
The Judds

INSTRUMENTALIST
Country
Chet Atkins

GROUP
Country
Alabama

Getting Booked

Expect big things this year from women who write rude. The so-called women's erotic writers are tipped to be the new fad, and several Australian women writers have already unofficially announced their new status as female erotic writer. It's difficult for many women to define female erotica, let alone write it, and apart from **Anais Nin**'s now historic erotic romp, *Delta Of Venus*, there are few yard-sticks.

However, in the 1970s two Melbourne women earned a reputation as being legitimate "dirty writers". One was **Helen Garner**, who first became famous for writing "fuck" on a schoolroom blackboard while a teacher, and since then has occasionally written sexually explicit passages in her books. The other dirty writer of the '70s was **Jenny Hunter Brown**, formerly **Jenny Brown**. Jenny was an instant hit — not only was she attractive and sexually alluring, but boy, did she write dirty for a sheila! Had she milked this gimmick she'd probably be a very well-established rude writer today — instead she ended up a record company executive who dabbles in poetry. Her first collection of poetry, *Marsupial Wrestling*, earned her literary kudos and raised eyebrows because of its overt erotica.

Now, 10 years after the publication of that collection, comes her new book, *Alleycat*, ($11.00), which, she says, isn't erotic, but a "more intelligent sensuality". Amazingly, three men whom I would never associate with reading poetry, have flashed this book at me and demanded I read it because it's. . . hot.

Yes, it *is* hot but it's more than that. One can go through it and find all the dirty bits, they are there, but there's also some fine writing. To me, sensuality is not just sex. I feel sensual, for example, buying peaches. Smelling a mango is sensual, so too is a walk in the rain after a heatwave.

Brown's book gives a broader outlook on sexuality — she doesn't really write, she almost drips words, silky words, scenty

words. A story in the book about snow leopards makes them positively sensual — the idea of furriers stocking the fur of this disappearing animal, the idea of women wearing the fur is rendered as a sort of decadent Nazi Berlin cabaret anything-to-appease-the-flesh fraulein compulsive and strictly verboten indecency.

Are airport tarmacs sensual? Adelaide's is, when viewed from the air by Hunter Brown, viz:

"The tarmac's wet,
like some creaming woman's thighs
Slick silkiness, with just a touch of grab."

Alleycat, which is self-published, is illustrated by quirky **Michael Leunig**, but here his work is decidedly different from his norm. The illustrations are black and white but they're murky and messy, scratchy, smeared as though they were rendered by a young punk artist trying to be a Leunig but reacting against his sweet elfishness.

So the art is different, the words are different, the book's different; hence it scores a "read this" mark.

Getting List

The ten most dreadful, nastiest video pulp movie titles:

1. ***Space Sluts In The Slammer***
2. ***Test Tube Teens From the Year 2000***
3. ***The Dirty Filthy Slime*** *(oozed into number 3 spot ahead of* ***Slime City****)*
4. ***Demented Death Farm Massacre*** *(Which might or might not be a sequel to* ***Deadly Daphne's Revenge****)*
5. ***Assault Of The Killer Bimbos***
6. ***Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers***
7. ***Ferocious Female Freedom Fighters***
8. ***Hack 'Em High***
9. ***Hell Comes To Frogtown***
10. ***Alone In The T-Shirt Zone***

Getting Fact

Space Invaders was the first video game to become such a hit in the US that it produced a shortage of quarters.

●

Total number of McDonald's restaurants world-wide: 9000 and climbing.

●

The song teenagers hate most is *To All The Girls I've Loved Before*: **Willie Nelson** and **Julio Iglesias**, according to a *Seventeen Magazine* poll.

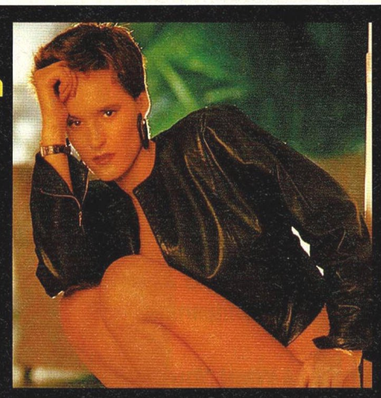
●

Most popular kind of music among South African whites: country. Least popular: opera.

Next Month

CRY HAVOC: AN AUSSIE PHOTO-JOURNALIST ENCOUNTERS A MASSACRE IN THE UNKNOWN WAR IN MOZAMBIQUE.

MEET **REGINA:** SHE'S THE WOMAN WHO MADE BORIS BECKER'S HEART GO BOOM BOOM.



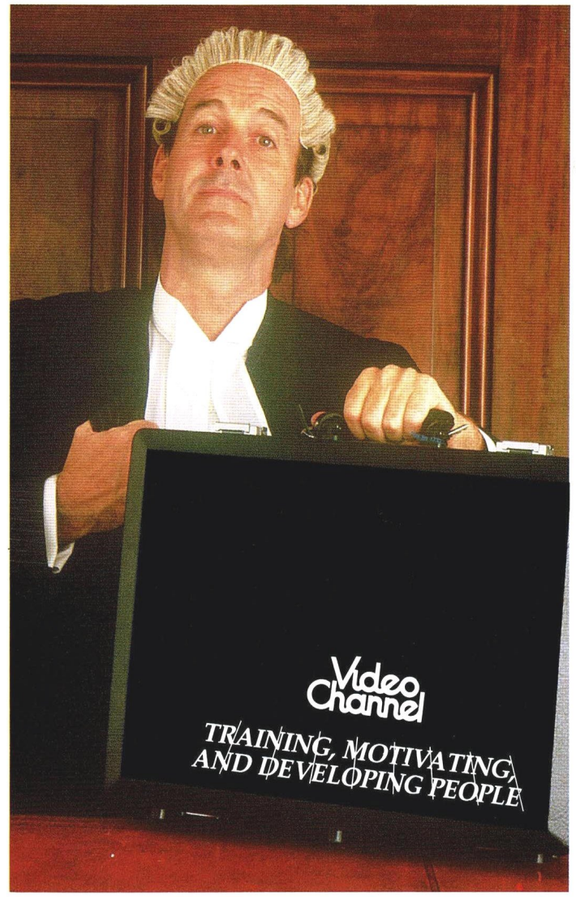
Regina

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR: WE REVEAL AUSTRALIA'S SEXIEST CENTREFOLD. SHE REVEALS WHY SHE WON.

THE STARMAKER OF OZ: HOW A FORMER SYDNEY ROADIE GUIDED TINA TURNER AND OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN TO RICHES.

YUPPIERELLA: AN HILARIOUS SATIRE ON THE PROBLEMS OF A YUPPIE CINDERELLA

YOU BE THE JUDGE



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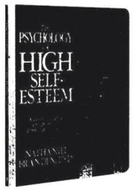

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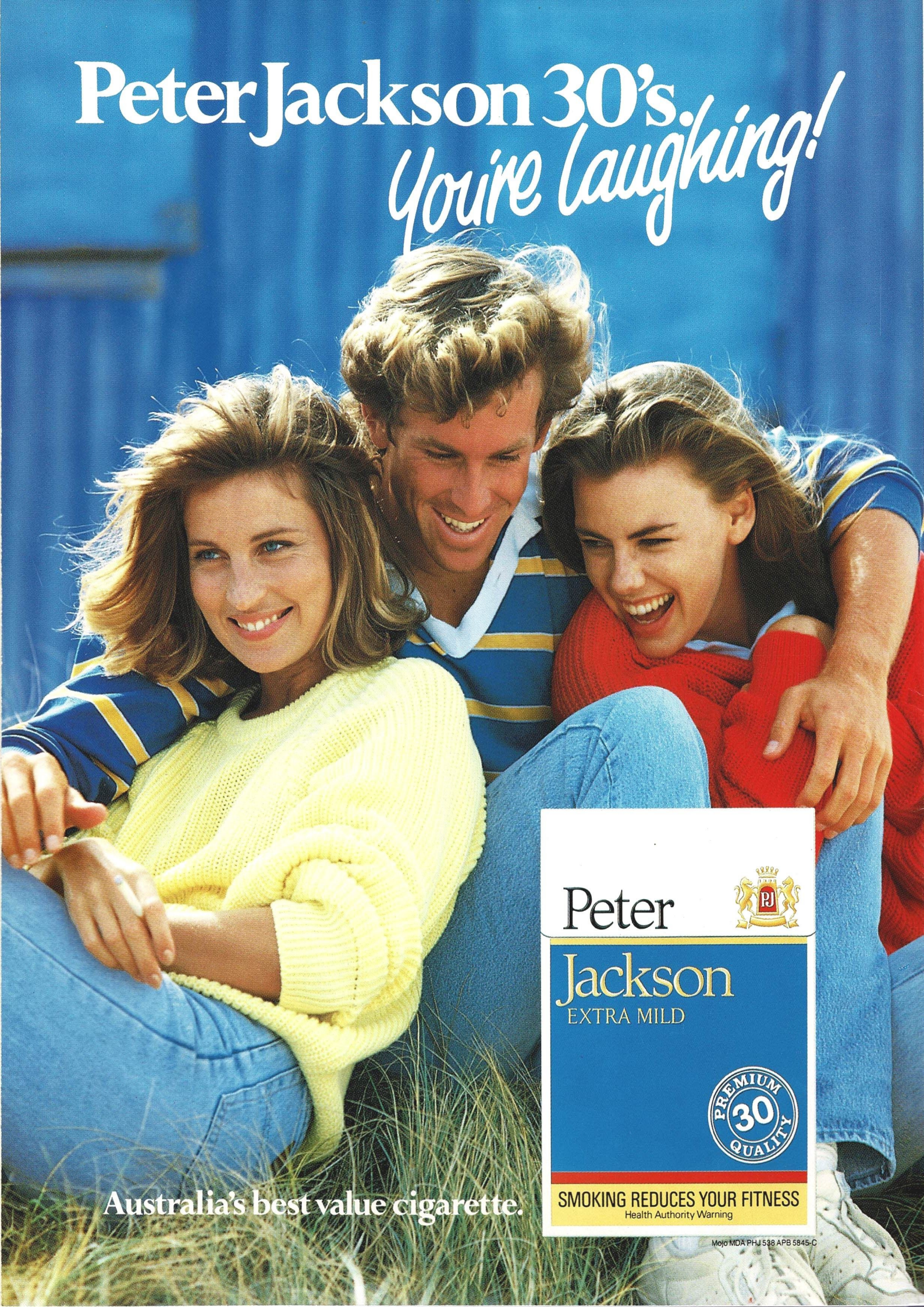

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